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Choice Poetry.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It were a happy thing to dwell
On expectations merely,
Without one fear to quench or quell
Desires we nurse so dearly;
And looking aye on pleasant things,
And seeing still beyond them
Skies brighter far than even these are,
With bright waves to respond them.

But, well-a-day! 'tis only youth
That waiteth thus, undreading
The shock of time, the death of truth
Beneath the false world's treading;
For there is that within the mind
Which warns us not too boldly
To look before, nor yet behind,
Where cold ghosts gibber coldly.

The eye, which for an instant takes
Rose-visions from the future,
Beholding there all that is fair,
Finds Reason soon to tutor
And teach it all that glows so bright
Is born of the ideal,
While o'er the prospect gloomy night
Brings darkness dense and real.

We cannot tread the smallest space
Without Hope's help to cheer us;
But we should look Toil in the face,
Nor faint to find it near us;
Nor in our need too largely draw
From Expectation's fountain;
Alas for him who fails in limb
When half way up the mountain!

Hope not too much—nor yet despair
By backward looks, that weaken
Those energies which make us bear
The burdens we have taken;
The memory of the past should be
A thing to nerve, not scare us—
Our hopes no flimsy phantasy,
But staff to onward bear us!

Time, as it flies, upon its wings
Takes joys as well as sorrows;
The rose that dies, in dying flings
Faint perfumes for to-morrows;
But though the fragrance of the past
May rise like incense o'er us,
Let's hail it as a welcome cast
By flower-beds on before us!

Then do thy task—thy journey go—
Nor waste thy time lamenting
For misspent hours, whose memories show
But grounds for sad repenting;
Welcome the waves that come to take
Our steps from deserts lonely!
The surge which bears away the past,
Brings back its memory only!

Pictures of Life.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

CHAPTER II.

Who would wish that the days of youth should last for ever? or even that their memory should be eternal? No—let them go: let their stormy joys and aching sorrows be alike blotted out; let the after-growth of calmer feelings shut them from sight; even as, when you wound a young tree, the bark grows over it in time, until the cleft is seen no more. So it is with the griefs of youth. Life is continually changing, or we could scarce endure the fourscore years that make up our longest span. There is in the ordering of the world no blessing greater than that of mutability.

Alice Wynyard at five-and-twenty was no more like the grief-stricken bride, the spirit-tortured girl of old, than I in my grey hairs am like a blithesome child, a dreamy maiden, of whom I could speak: in my prayers I lift up a thankful heart that those days are now more dim than a dream at morning. But it is not of myself that I write, it is of Alice. A broken heart was not her doom; I ought, when I prophesied this, to have known better. Who should tell more than I, how much one can endure, and live! Alice left her girlhood behind, and grew up into placid, patient, thoughtful womanhood; a womanhood bearing the goodlier fruit because the stern hand of affliction had torn off a few of its early blossoms. The soul is like a tree that needs pruning to make its fruit perfect and abundant.

Alice was an heiress, and independent; for her father had died not many years after he had gained his heart's wish, and seen her free. He had not attained one desire, though; for his daughter firmly refused all offers of marriage. Once or twice he gently and tenderly murmured against this, but Alice's answer was conclusive.

"Father, I have done your will—I can do no more."

And he soon ceased to urge her. Indeed, so penetrated was John Wynyard by the patient obedience which had renounced so much, that from the time of the divorce until his death, I never knew him give Alice an unkind look or an angry word. His whole soul seemed bound up in her; he lived but to anticipate her every wish; and his character became so utterly changed, from sternness to gentleness and forbearance, that when at last he died, no man was more fervently mourned by his whole household than was Mr. Wynyard.—But he passed away, and I remained, the last of my generation, honored and beloved in the home of which Alice was mistress. Now, more than ever, did wooers come to lure her from that home, but in vain. I was glad of it: there was no man living to whom I could have cheerfully given my Alice, save to Everard Brooke.

It was not until after Mr. Wynyard's death that my dear nephew returned from abroad, and sought us out. One of my cousin's latest charges had been told Everard should be told how much their angry parting had grieved him, and how sincerely he had regarded to the last that noble spirit which he then offended. Another charge he also privately left to my discretion, that if, when Everard and Alice met again, my nephew still loved her, they were both to be told that the wish for such an union had lain nearest the dying father's heart. They did meet, and I saw how true Everard had kept to his early dream. After one little month spent in her constant society, he loved Alice the woman ten thousand times more passionately than Alice the sweet childlike idol of his boyhood. And she—how did she feel towards him? This was a secret that with all my skill I could not penetrate. She was frank, sincere, affectionate, seemed to delight in his presence, was dull without him, and openly said so; but there were none of those tremulous tones, those fitful blushes, that mark a maiden's dawn of love. She was as serene as a summer sky at noon.

At last Everard's suspense grew to agony, and mine was not much less. I urged him to learn the whole truth from her lips—she could not but requite a love so true. He mentioned with visible tremor the name, not breathed for years, of Arthur Sylvester. I told him what I had lately learned by chance, and had communicated to no living soul, that the maniac had, after his mother's death, partially recovered his reason, and left the country, to go no one knew whither, nor had he been since heard of. Everard drew a long sigh of relief, and his face glowed with emotion, hope, and love. I looked at him as he stood before me with his noble manly port, the glory of a lofty intellect seated on his brow, and his whole bearing replete with the conscious dignity of one who had won and held a position of honor in the world.

"My dear Everard," I whispered fondly, "there is no woman living who would not be proud of your love."

He smiled, but faintly; I urged him the more.

"I cannot speak to her, Aunt Susan," he said, "my heart would burst; but I will write, then I can tell all, and you shall give her the letter with your own hands."

I did so, and watched her while she read it. Her face wore at first a surprised, almost startled look; but as she went on, I could see how deeply she was touched by the earnest outbreathings of that noble heart whose whole life's love was thus at last poured out at her feet. The tears gathered to her eyes, and she became very pale.

"Aunt," she said, coming towards me with the letter in her hand, "I never dreamed of this; poor Everard! why did he never tell me before?"

"Because he would have died rather than have given you pain, my Alice!" And then, with an earnestness that came from my inmost heart, I told Alice the true reason of Mr. Wynyard's quarrel with Everard, and ended by informing her of her father's last wish that such faithfulness might be requited at last.

"My dear father—my kind father!" she murmured tremulously. "And you wish it, too, Aunt Susan, I see you do."

I could not deny it. With tears I prayed her to try and give Everard the love he sought.

"I—to love! I—to marry! it sounds strange!" and she shuddered visibly all over. "But that is all past: *he* is dead—yes, I know it!—Aunt Susan, I never told you that I heard so, once."

Was it a sin, that there rose up in my heart a wish, almost a prayer, that those tidings might indeed be true—that the clouded soul of that poor maniac might have gone where He who gave, could restore it to its original glory?

"Aunt Susan," Alice continued, after a pause, "you must give me time—time—I must search my own heart, for I feel bewildered. I know Everard's worth—he is very dear to me—you may tell him so—but to love him as he asks, as a wife, I never dreamed of that: to-morrow—no—the day after, I will decide."

She kissed me, and moved, with an agitated step, to her own apartments. I saw her no more, alone, until the morning of the second day; then she approached me, with a calm, sweet look, and said,

"To-day, in an hour, let Everard come to me."

They were together a long time—an age it seemed to me, as I sat in my own chamber, my heart fluttering like that of a girl. How well I loved those two! how earnestly I prayed that they might love one another! At last Everard came and pressed his lips to my cheek. I felt his tears, tears for which no man need blush; but they were the overflow of joy. Alice had accepted him!

Now all the friends that surrounded our quiet country were full of curiosity and congratulations. The affianced lovers were courted, admired, envied. During the time which intervened between the public, known engagement, and the appointed wedding, I was perfectly bewildered with dinner-parties, abroad and at home. I sometimes thought that Alice would have shrunk from this gaiety, and hid herself in her own happiness, as maiden-love would fain ever do. But hers was not that love; I felt it was not. Warmly, affectionately, as she regarded her betrothed, it was not the one true love of woman's life, compared to which all on earth is not once weighed in the balance. But Everard, thinking of himself so little, and of her so much, never saw this; and I trusted to the might of his love—love is so strong to win a return!—that they might be happy when once united.

It was not one week before the marriage-day that Alice and I went to dine with some acquaintances whom we both liked—friends we could not have called any of our society, for not one among them knew us as otherwise than what we appeared to the world—Miss Wynyard and her maiden aunt. In that quiet spot where we settled, we took care that the history of the past should not follow us, to be a bye-word, and a mark for intrusive pity or insolent curiosity.

I thought, as we drove to our destination, that Alice had not for years looked so cheerful, or so calmly happy. In that beautiful face there was not a trace of girlhood's sufferings, save in a chastened thoughtfulness which lent additional sweetness to its expression. I could not restrain my open admiration.

"Beautiful, am I?" answered Alice, with a quiet smile; "but then, I am getting ancient, dear aunt; who can think me beautiful at seven-and-twenty?"

"Everard does, my dearest," said I, rather mischievously. I would have given anything to see on that fair cheek a deeper blush than the faint hue which crept there and passed away.

"Ah, you and Everard think of me thus, because you love me so well. But here we are at our journey's end."

"Miss Wynyard, have you seen our new neighbor at the Priory?" inquired one of the young ladies, who vied with each other in paying Alice attention,—it might be under the influence of foreshadowings of bride cake and flowers.

"No, truly," was the reply; "who is he?"

"A rich, unmarried man—always a treasure in dull country places, you know,—a Mr. *Something* L'Estrange; I forget the first surname—but they say he assumed the second when some friend left him a fortune. We asked him to-night, thinking you would like to see him."

"Thank you. Oh, yes, certainly," said Alice, cheerfully, and turned to talk with some one else.

A short time after, I saw a tall, foreign-looking man brought up to Alice. "Mr. L'Estrange, Miss Wynyard," said his introducer.

He started at the name, and Alice turned round, lifted up her quiet eyes—they fell on the face of Arthur Sylvester!

He bowed, fixed upon her his piercing glance, and a strange look passed over his face; it was a look neither of love nor sorrow, but of cold aversion. His reason had returned, and with it had come a change—so incomprehensible is the human mind—he now hated Alice as he had once apparently loved her.

And she—how strong is woman's self-control!—she looked at him, saw it all, and gave no sign.—Only, when a few moments after I bent over her in the crowd, she murmured in a low, hollow tone, "Aunt, take me home, take me home."

I feigned illness—oh, was it feigning?—and we came away. All that miserable drive, Alice lay moaning on my breast, "I shall die, I shall die.—Arthur, my husband, my only husband, my own still!"

Everard, poor Everard! I saw there was no hope for thee. Oh, the eternity of love! "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." In Arthur Sylvester, Alice saw not the madman who had well-nigh been a murderer—the blight of her youth—the one agonizing memory of long widowed years; but only the beloved of her girlhood,—whom she had set up as an idol in her heart. He hated her—she knew it, she felt it—and yet she loved him, and for his sake all thought of her betrothed vanished from her mind.

Unhappy Everard! when he returned to us—what a welcome—what a bride! And I had to unfold all! I had to pierce the dagger into his heart. He reeled like one struck by an invisible blow, and fell down insensible. When he recovered, all that he uttered was, "Alice, Alice! I must see Alice."

Alice came, and was struck with fear at the look his face wore; it was indeed hardly that of a living man. She fell on her knees before him, she took his hands, she wept over them, and yet Everard never moved.

"And this is my doing!" Alice cried. "Oh, Everard! good, generous Everard! forgive me!"

"Alice," he said at last, "is this all true? will you forsake me?"

She wept in silence.

"Alice! by the memory of your dead father, who gave you to me, will you let this part us? will you break all your vows?"

"Everard, pity me! How wretched am I! Everard, you love me—I feel it—then think how I love *him*. Let your own heart speak for mine. I cannot, I dare not take any husband while my Arthur lives. I am his wife still, in heart and soul. To wed another would be a sin—a fearful sin. Everard, I dare not!"

There was a long silence—and then Everard said,

"Alice, I saw you his wife once, and I did not murmur. Even now, I would give my life for your happiness; but that is impossible. Do you know that you and he can never be as you once were? that, after what has passed, he hates you with a deadly hatred? Can you love him still?"

She looked piercingly into his face; "Everard, ask yourself, is love always given for love?—can it not live unreturned?"

They were bitter, cruel words to say to him. He understood them, and sank under their keen arrows. "Oh, my God! I feel that——I have felt it all my life. Alice, say no more—you are free!"

And thus they parted; the two to whom destiny had made love not a blessing but a curse; in whose hearts it had been planted so early, and had grown up through life not as a beautiful flower, but as a poison tree, whose leaves blighted wherever they touched, whose fruit was ashes to the taste. And yet how different it might have been! Truly there are mysteries in life that no human power can solve. But we shall read the dark page clearly one day, and then all will be plain that now seems so strangely tortuous. Poor insects that we are! how shall we dare to unravel the mystic web of human fate, until the time comes when we shall see clearly with our spirit eyes, and "know even as we are known?"

Everard's severe illness formed a temporary pretext to the little world around us for the delay of the marriage. After a time the talk and the wonder grew again, but we heeded it not. What was the opinion of the idle world to Alice and to me! I would fain have taken her out of its power, and hidden ourselves once more in some blessed solitude, but Alice would not go. That man seemed to have the influence of an evil spirit over her: she lived but in the track of Arthur Sylvester's footsteps; she roamed over the country only to gain a passing glimpse of him in his rides; she went into society that she might watch him from some secluded corner and listen for his voice. Yet he never looked at her, or spoke, to her: if they met in the open country roads he turned his horse another way; if they passed in the street he acknowledged her with the bow that common courtesy exacted, and passed on. At all times, in all places, I saw that her presence made his face darken, until its lofty beauty was like that of a fallen angel. All the world spoke well of him, and it seemed that the only remnant of his past madness was in this terrible hatred of her, who loved him so that she would have laid herself down for his feet to trample on, and thought it a joyful death.

A coldness, almost an estrangement, sprang up between Alice and me. There was something in my eyes, repulsive, unfeminine, in this passionate and hopeless love. At times I ventured to utter what I thought, but then the deep sorrow, the entreating looks of that poor girl melted the frost from my heart.

"Aunt Susan," she would say, "is it wrong, is it unworthy, for a wife to love her husband?"

And I could not answer her another word.—There is something so ennobling in a woman's true and earnest love, that it elevates the meaner object on which it at times wastes itself. Thus, even while I marvelled at Alice's blind devotion to Arthur Sylvester; while in my heart I condemned it as unworthy of her; while every feeling of reason and affection clung to the forsaken Everard, now a wanderer once more; still I could not but regard with a strange emotion, almost akin to reverence, the workings of that faithful woman-heart, and Arthur Sylvester himself rose to be at once an object of wonder and fear. He shot across our quiet heaven of peace like an evil star, and yet he himself moved on, seemingly unconscious of, or unheeding, the terrible effects he had caused, and was still causing.

Whether Alice in her wildest imagination ever dreamed that his love would return, that she should again stand at the altar, the wife of Arthur Sylvester, I cannot tell. At times with all my dislike and horror of the man, I almost wished that it might be so; for I saw her day by day fading before my eyes, and knew that her heart was breaking. He must have seen it, too; he must have heard the world's chatter concerning her engagement with Everard Brooke, and its breaking off,—the cause of which one who had once read the depths of that loving heart, as Arthur had done, could never doubt. It was a strange monomania that turned his mind against her, I thought; and more than once, in my overweening love for Alice, I considered whether I would not myself go and tell Sylvester the whole truth, and implore him to love her as in days of yore. I might have done so, but that the web of destiny was drawing closer and closer round us all.

It chanced that in our garden, overlooking the high road, there was a shady walk, leading to a summer-house which had often, strangely enough, reminded me of the spot which had witnessed that terrible scene on Alice's wedding day; so much so, that I framed all manner of reasons to have it pulled down, lest the similarity should strike her painfully also. Whether it was so or not, I cannot say; I never hinted the real cause of my dislike, but Alice steadily resisted the plan of having her bower destroyed. She had always loved it, she said; and after Arthur Sylvester's reappearance had changed the current of her whole life, habits and thoughts, a curious fatality seemed to make her cling more than ever to this solitary spot. There she remained, ostensibly with her books, her music, or her work; but often and often I found thick dust lying on her favorite volumes, her harp untuned, her embroidery scattered, and I knew that she had been spending those hours of loneliness in vague and mournful reveries.

One day, when Alice had left me as usual, I sat idly looking out from my window, down the road, watching three horsemen descending the hill: I soon saw that one of them was Arthur Sylvester. This suprised me, for hitherto he had carefully avoided passing our house. But I supposed his two friends had led him on unwitting, for they seemed all conversing merrily together. The world said there was not a gayer or wittier companion than Mr. Sylvester L'Estrange, he was so blithe—so light-hearted! How the world lies sometimes! yet one would not have thought so now, when through the open window came the ringing of his laughter borne upon the clear, still country air. I heard its every tone, and I felt that another had heard it, too. Poor Alice! a chance sight of that man always made her like a marble image of woe for many hours.

Suddenly, at a bend in the road, Arthur Sylvester came in sight of the summer-house. At its door stood Alice. She wore that day a white dress, and, with her long falling hair, she looked almost the same as on her marriage morning. The sudden and strange resemblance struck a new chord in Sylvester's yet unsettled brain; he uttered a loud heart-piercing cry, which made the horse he road become unmanageable with terror. A mist came before my eyes; I heard another cry, 'Arthur, Arthur!' and then the clanking hoofs of the riderless steed galloping madly away.

When I looked again, Alice was supporting on her bosom the death-like form of him who had once been her bridegroom. I flew to her side with all the speed my aged feet could exert. She was weeping over him, calling him "her Arthur, her beloved, her *husband*," utterly unmindful of the wondering gaze of his two friends. We bore him into the house, and the husband and wife were again under one roof. But of little moment was this either to the heart that hated, or the heart that loved; for Arthur Sylvester had in his fall been struck on the head, and lay perfectly insensible for many days. Then came a season of terrific ravings, which drove even the devoted Alice from the presence of the maniac. Strange words did the unfortunate man utter—Alice's name, and another, a woman's, too; but it was breathed in low tender murmurings, while Alice's came mingled with curses and bursts of passionate remorse. I closed the chamber to all intruders; I would not that those fearful revealings of an unquiet conscience should be known to the world. Thus much I gathered from his delirious words, that never, no, not in those early days, had Arthur Sylvester loved my Alice.

It was with a calmness akin to thankfulness that I saw life ebbing from that wretched man. The physicians had told us that no earthly power could ever restore the shattered mind, and that death would come in mercy. I knew this, and Alice knew it, too. She also had heard that strange name mingled with her own on the lips of the maniac. It had frozen her into stone: yet she did not leave him, but ministered day and night with unwearied care. The physicians said that no hand but death's would still those ravings; that no glimpse of light would gild the passing of the bewildered soul; but it was not so. Just as the spirit parted, he saw Alice, and knew her. There was no wild hatred in those dying eyes, nor was there love; only contrition and trembling entreaty.

"Alice Wynyard," breathed the white lips, "forgive! I deceived—both—both—you most. Pure angel, forgive!"

She clasped his hand, she would have drawn the dying head to her bosom, with the last kiss of peace and wife-like affection, but on those very lips came that other name, not Alice's, murmured in tones of deepest love. And with its utterance the spirit fled. There were none to lay the stranger in his grave, save Alice and I. She had called him her husband, and none doubted the fact. He had no relatives, and when a will was found, leaving all his wealth to a charity, there was little chance of any claimant springing up to deny our right in arranging the affairs of the departed. I say "our" because in all things Alice took the direction. I had thought she would have been utterly overwhelmed, but no! When all was over, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. "My husband, my husband," was ever on her lips, and with a wife's duty she acted towards his memory. When I brought her mourning, she would have none other than widows' weeds, and on my remonstrating, she turned round with a dignity and solemnity that made me marvel.

"Be silent, aunt, I rule here! God and my own heart made me Arthur's wife—the world and a wicked law broke the outward bond, but the holiest tie remains. I am his widow now."

When we examined the papers of the departed, not even from that mournful task did Alice shrink. I sat by her, but she would not let me see any record of his dark and stormy life. Only once, when she opened a packet of letters, I saw her cheek blanch. As she read, her hands grew rigid, and her eyes glassy. I drew near, and she repulsed me not. The letters, outpourings of bursting love, were addressed to Arthur Sylvester; they bore the name which he had uttered in his ravings, and each ended with, "*Your wife, Isabel.*" Aghast, almost stupified, I gazed on the date of the last—it was the eve of Alice's wedding-day!

I had lived to bless the terrible stroke which had saved my darling from a fate more terrible still. I fell on my knees beside her—I clasped my aged arms about her neck, and murmured,

"Alice, let us thank God for all."

"Amen!" was her answer. May I never while I live hear another tone like that in which she uttered the word!

With the letters was a lock of hair, and one line, "Isabel Sylvester, died—" the date a few months later. The sin of two broken hearts lay upon that man's soul. His madness was no marvel now.

Alice pointed out the line. "You see this!" she gasped—"now let all the past be as if it had never been."

With her own hands she laid all the papers upon the red embers, and the flame rose up,—it was the funeral pyre of that olden love. From Alice's lips the name of Arthur Sylvester was never heard more.

* * * * * *

In this world no sorrow is eternal. Life can never be utterly dark; to the pure, the earnest, the God-fearing, there is still a future, a future on earth, besides the glorious one beyond. Even in the lightning blasted tree, there are always some boughs that will grow green again, and show that life is not utterly dead within it. And so it was with Alice. When that wild, passionate love had been consumed in the furnace of affliction, so that not even its ashes remained; when the ideal image which she had so worshipped was shattered to pieces in her sight, and she knew it was only a dumb idol, not a life-breathing form; then her pure soul drew back into itself, and grew strong. She did not die, but lived; lived to be a yet nobler creature than she had ever been, and in the earnest charities and high aspirings of a pure and holy nature she found peace.

And Everard?

In my extreme old age, with one foot on the threshold of that dark gate which leads to the land of light, I have seen my dear, my noble Everard, happy at last. I have done what I never dreamed I should, I have lived to see a bridal. What though youth and youth's comeliness had long passed away from the two who bent before the altar, there is much of life yet before them, and years of love are of double length. Everard is happy, for the true heart and the tried has won at last—he has Alice for his wife. Who should rejoice so much as I, for has she not been my treasure, the light of my eyes? And he—his mother was my sister: and his father!—the time has been when to call Henry Brooke by the name of brother was agony. Hush, vain heart! the madness was all thine own. Rejoice thou, that through life unto old age thy ideal was never made less holy, the image of a pure and worthy love was unshattered still.

Reader! believe the word of one who has passed through the world's ordeal, has seen its hollowness, has endured its griefs; Know, that the only truths of life are Religion and Love.

CAVALRY AND INFANTRY.—Doctor Mosney told me that he was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders.

"Well," said the farrier, "your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints."

"Ah!" rejoined the physician, "my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his *cavalry* against my *infantry*."—*Taylor's Records.*

Our Portrait Gallery.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the nephew of Napoleon, is now the head of that party in France, with whom the name of Bonaparte is omnipotent. Those of our readers who have regularly perused the Foreign News, will remember his late visit to Paris from England, (his permanent residence,) his election to the National Assembly, the alarm that election excited, and the resignation by Louis Napoleon of his seat on that account. By the last steamship from Europe (the America,) we learn that there is a strong prospect of Louis Napoleon being elected to the Presidency. General Cavaignac is said to be so much alarmed at this probability, that he is determined to present a decree for illegalizing the election on the ground that Prince Louis Napoleon is a pretender. It is reported that, in the event of the Assembly excluding Prince Louis, it is not improbable that Prince Pierre Napoleon, who is already a member of the Assembly, will become a candidate for the Presidency. If we may believe "Punch," and other English authorities, Louis Napoleon is not gifted with talents above the generality of men.

A True Story.

FORTUNES OF A FARMER'S BOY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

François Richard was born in 1765, in the obscure little hamlet of Trelat, commune of D'Epinay, in France. He was the son of a poor farmer, who shared the hardships at that time the common lot of the agriculturist—hardships that can scarcely be conceived by those who know not what habit, patience, and, still more, Christian resignation, can enable men to endure. His early years, though passed in poverty, obscurity, and retirement, were yet full of excitement; his young and ardent imagination was forever devising new projects; and even his sports and childish tricks betrayed his speculative turn of mind. At twelve years old, he gave himself up to the rearing of pigeons, and carried on a little trade in them, with success sufficient to encourage and stimulate his spirit of enterprise. But his dovecot gave umbrage to the lord of the soil, and he was compelled to sell it to him, receiving for it a sum equal to about thirty-five shillings. Richard thought himself a rich man, and resolving to have some enjoyment from his wealth, he purchased leather shoes, which amongst those who knew only the wooden shoe of the peasant, made him be looked upon as almost a gentleman.

Richard had nothing so much at heart as being no longer a burden to his father, whose poverty was indeed a grief to him. After the sale of his dovecot, he commenced speculating in dogs. This new trade gave him in a short time the means of procuring decent clothing; so that, by his rustic finery, he threw his schoolfellows as far into the shade as he had already done in much better things, by his progress in useful knowledge. Before he had attained his thirteenth year, he was qualified for the appointment of register to the cattle-market of Villiers le Bocage.

At seventeen, he mentioned to his father his desire to quit the paternal roof for a sphere larger and better adapted for realising the objects of his ambition. His father made no objection; but when the moment of separation came, he found himself obliged to confess that, in a time of great distress, he had expended the greater part of the savings which Richard had intrusted to his care, and that he had now not more than twelve francs (ten shillings) to give him. This communication did not discourage our enterprising youth. He took a most affectionate leave of his father, and assuring him that he was only too glad to leave him this little earnest of the prosperity which he hoped yet to work out for him, set off with his new clothes in his bag and his ten shillings in his pocket. He arrived at the chief town of Normandy with a light purse, but with as light a heart, buoyant with hope, and with a spirit of enterprise and determination that defied all difficulties. He deemed himself fortunate in at once obtaining the situation of clerk to a petty merchant; but unhappily for him, his master was a rude, ignorant, and avaricious man, incapable of appreciating such a mind as that of Richard. He made the young Norman his servant rather than his clerk. So long as it was only a matter of cleaning horses, helping to cook, and waiting at table, the youth made no complaint; but at length his master having bought a new equipage, in order to make a suitable figure in some civic ceremonial, wanted him to act as footman; but shrinking from this public exhibition, he positively refused, and quitted the house of the merchant.

And now his "thought by day, his dream by night," was to get to Paris, where he might attain his darling object of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business. But for this money was necessary, and to procure it, Richard became a waiter at a small coffee-house, where for one year he steadily laid by everything he received, till he found he had in halfpence a sum sufficient for his journey. Arrived in the capital, it was not very easy for a poor youth, without either friend or relative in Paris, to find the means of subsistence. After many unsuccessful efforts to get into a merchant's employment, he was obliged to resume the apron in a coffee-house kept by one of his countrymen. The perquisites there being much more considerable than at Rouen, he found himself, at the end of the year, the possessor of forty pounds and a few shillings. Nothing could henceforth check his progress: he devoted his little store to the purchase of some pieces of English dimity, a manufacture then unknown to France, and hawked them about till he disposed of all most advantageously. He renewed his stock as fast as it was exhausted; and when, after a year's labor, he summed up his accounts, he found a balance in his favor of £1,000.

Richard continued his trade till 1789, when, by a fraudulent trick of an agent employed by him, his industry was suddenly checked by the loss of his whole stock. He was even arrested for an alleged debt of sixty pounds. He could easily have paid this sum, and recovered his liberty; but his honest and independent mind revolted from every species of injustice: he knew that he had not incurred the debt, and he preferred remaining in prison to allowing roguery to triumph.

The revolutionary convulsions that afterwards shook society to its very foundations were now beginning in France. On the 13th of July the riot broke out, and after pillaging the house of the manufacturer Reveillon, the mob fell upon La Force, where Richard was confined, broke it open, and set the prisoners free. Once again was Richard in the streets of Paris, with a toilet somewhat more neglected than usual, and twelve sous in his pocket; but he remembered his father's twelve francs, and thanked God and took courage. The house in which he had lodged his money had stopped payment during his imprisonment; but he borrowed a few crowns, resumed his old trade of hawker, and six months after, his credit was re-established, and his trade flourishing. He now thought he might extend his operations, and took a large establishment in the Rue Francaise, and in 1792 was rich enough to purchase a domain near Nemours. But the revolutionary storm now broke forth in its full fury; and Richard, whose peaceable disposition shrunk from the sanguinary struggles that rent his country, soon saw that a considerable time must elapse before there could be any security for trade, or any field for commercial enterprise. He accordingly settled his accounts, closed his warehouse, and, accompanied by his wife, Marie Alavoine, whom he had married in 1790, went to visit his father, and happily arrived at the very time that afforded him another opportunity of proving he had not forgotten the pledge he had given on leaving the home of his boyhood, of being yet the means of prosperity to his aged parent. The transports of joy at his unexpected arrival had not yet subsided, when two bailiffs entered the house with a warrant to distrain. The father had become security for the toll-collector, and the old proverb was found true in this case—the surety was obliged to pay; and the old man's goods would have been seized but for Richard's fortunate arrival and interposition.

When the madness of the people was somewhat calmed down, he returned to Paris, and to fresh speculations. A very short time after his return, he became acquainted with a young merchant of the name of Lenoir Dufresne. These two superior minds at once understood each other, and a partnership was entered into which was to end only with the death of one of the parties, so long known and respected as the firm of Richard and Lenoir.

There were many points of resemblance between the two partners. Both possessed the same acuteness and almost intuitive tact in business, but the perhaps too boldly speculative mind of Richard found a happy counterbalance in the coolness and steadiness of Lenoir. Their trade was principally in English manufactures; and so extensive did it become, and so wonderfully did it prosper, that two years after their partnership commenced, they had realized on the £240 which they had invested a nett profit of £4,500.

And now Richard conceived a noble project indeed—the introduction into France of the cotton manufacture, hitherto monopolized by England; and his perseverance, aided by an apparent accident, happily obtained for him the means of accomplishing his purpose. Having ripped some calico, he perceived, to his surprise, on weighing a certain quantity of thread, that a piece valued at £3 6s. 8d., only took 10s. worth of the raw material! What a profit for the manufacturer! From that instant he hesitated no longer; his purpose was fixed and irrevocable. However, not wishing to do anything without his partner's consent, he communicated his project to Lenoir-Dufresne, who at first tried to dissuade him from attempting so bold and novel a plan; but seeing that his determination was not to be shaken, finally left him at full liberty, though declining any interference. Richard's first step was the purchase of one hundred weight of cotton, and to get some looms made after the rough plans given him by a poor English mechanic. They were set up in a shop in the Rue de Bellefonds. The first essay was crowned with complete success in every point but the stamping of the calicoes; and as the printing of them was indispensable to their being saleable, Richard employed three months in endeavoring to discover the secret of this process; but his efforts were vain; till at length his partner, whose prejudices had been removed, and who began to take an interest in the manufacture, gave him a clue to the discovery.

The manufacture now became so sought after, as to make the want of machinery to be sensibly felt. Richard was anxiously devising some mode of procuring a model of the English machine now so well known under the name of spinning jenny, when he was again fortunate enough to meet with an Englishman, who, in less than three months, constructed twenty-two of these frames; and as their former premises were now too narrow for this addition, the two partners took from the government a spacious mansion in the Rue de Thougny; and the house, once the abode of luxury and wealth, was suddenly metamorphosed into the workshop of the poor but industrious artisans. The number employed now became so great, that they were soon obliged to add to their concerns a large convent in the neighborhood. A few days after, Napoleon came to visit their establishment; and he was so struck with the completeness of the novel machinery, with the clearness of Richard's judgment, the elevation of his views, and the boldness with which he labored for the commercial freedom of France, that he offered any encouragement he yet needed: and on finding that their establishment was not even yet large enough, he gave a grant of another convent at the opposite side of the street.

The manufactory of Richard and Lenoir now assumed an almost colossal importance, realising a monthly profit of £1,000. The indefatigable Richard set up, successively three hundred spinning-jennies in different villages of Picardy, forty at Alençon, and one hundred in the Abbey of St. Martin. Nor was his native province forgotten, for he opened a manufactory there which gave bread to six hundred workmen. Neither did his enlightened benevolence stop here. Incessant were his efforts to raise those in his employment in the social scale, by placing educational advantages within their reach. In an asylum which he founded for the orphan children of both sexes of those workmen who died in his employment, he not only endeavored to inspire them with a spirit of industry, but had them taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and music; carefully providing, also, religious instruction. He waged open war with the spirit-shop; and in order that his workmen might not go to the public house for recreation, he opened for their use a reading-room and a music-room.

For more than ten years, Richard and Lenoir seemed to mount from step to step to the pinnacle of human prosperity. But in 1806, a sad and unexpected event broke up a partnership which might have served as a model; so perfect was the agreement, yet so remarkable the combination of opposite qualities of mind to the most beneficial results. Lenoir died suddenly, and Richard found himself alone at the head of the establishment; and having no one now to restrain him, he gave full scope to his gigantic views. He set up two more factories at Caen and Laigle, which made the number under his superintendence amount to six, all in admirable order, and provided with every essential for working. But one object of his ambition still remained to be attained: he wished France to be no longer obliged to import the raw material from countries that did not acknowledge her sway. In Napoleon's career of conquest, Italy had now become, as it were, but an appendage of his vast empire; and it was to the generous soil of Naples that Richard purposed confiding his cotton plantation. Seeds were often found in the bales of cotton coming from America, and these he had now carefully collected, and when he had got a sufficient quantity, he conveyed them to Castel a Mare, where they succeeded so entirely, that one year after, he brought into France, as the produce of his first crop, twenty thousand weight of raw cotton.

Up to this point Richard could only be regarded as the most encouraging example of the union of persevering industry with bold and enterprising genius. It is to be regretted that he must serve also as warning against speculations that now took the character of rashness. The union between Holland and France threw an immense quantity of cotton goods into the market, and Richard could no longer find sale for what he had on hands; and with six factories perpetually at work, the quantity manufactured was very great. This was the origin of his first difficulties. Vainly did his friends urge him to close some of his establishments for a short time; vainly did his confidential clerk intreat him to strike a balance, and retire from trade:—"You have done enough for France, and nobly maintained your reputation; think now of your interests, and of taking the rest you have so well earned." Richard was deaf to every argument, and continued manufacturing in ruinous quantities.

His involvements increased to an overwhelming degree, and he was obliged to have recourse to the Emperor, to whom he frankly stated his situation. Napoleon, who had ever respected him, and had but very lately conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor, did not keep him long in suspense; and a loan of fifteen hundred thousand francs enabled him to meet the immediate demands upon him. But the great cause of the evil still remained, and Richard at length thought of adopting the manufacture of wool instead of that of cotton. This new undertaking succeeded at first, and was attended with considerable profits; but soon fresh disaster occurred; and when the year 1813 arrived, so pregnant with reverse of fortune to the Emperor, ruin was impending over the enterprising manufacturer.

But personal anxieties were not suffered to make him indifferent to the fate of his fellow citizens. When in the defence of Paris against the enemy's troops a number of men had been wounded and conveyed to hospital, Richard, in visiting them, saw that they were lying on the bare ground. He immediately supplied, at his own expense, eight hundred straw beds, and employed the boiler of his bleach-house at Bon Secours to make broth, daily carried to them by his servants and clerks, who attended on them in the hospitals. We need scarcely say that this heavy expense was incurred without either expectation or desire of indemnification.

And now the troops of the allied sovereigns took possession of Paris, entering it on the 31st of March. Richard, though greatly attached to Bonaparte, from his kindness to himself personally, and therefore deeply grieved at his fallen fortunes, yet saw clearly that the fate of thousands of his dependents was involved in protection being extended to his manufactories by the restored Bourbons, and therefore he did not refuse to head the legion he commanded, when it was ordered out to receive the Count d'Artois at the barriers. But any hopes he might have entertained of their patronage were fallacious. The exhausted state of the public finances at the restoration, besides many other reasons, compelled the Bourbons to yield to the demand of England, that the duty upon cotton should be altogether taken off. The bill to that effect, which was passed without any clause of indemnity to the present holders of stock, found Richard with a fortune of eight millions, and rendered him poorer than when he first left his native village.

Even in this extremity, Richard, supported by his perseverance and fortitude, did not despair.—He resolved to hold on, though now less to maintain his commercial reputation, than not to plunge into utter destitution the twenty thousand workmen in his employment. But he had soon exhausted all his own recourse to loans, for which so high an interest was exacted, that in a little time his ruin was complete. He at length retreated from his struggle with adverse circumstances, almost penniless, yet respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens. But the change from almost incessant activity, to a life which seemed to him now without an object, was too sudden and too great.—He had now to struggle with all the privations of poverty; and the bent and furrowed brow, once so clear, so open—the pale, melancholy features, once so animated—proved how utterly this blow had prostrated all the energy of his character. It was not till October, 1839, nearly twenty years after the ruin of his fortunes, that death put a period to his mental suffering. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous assemblage of those very workmen to whom he had been not merely a patron, but a father; and many were their tears of heartfelt sorrow.

Selected Poetry.

FROM "THE LITERARY AMERICAN."

SONG.

BY S. I. G.

Rosy morn is breaking,
To a world's delight;
Happy Nature, waking,
Bids adieu to-night;
From each tree-top gushing,
Merry music flows;
Through her dew-tears blushing,
Looks abroad the rose.
Come *thou*, dearest! on the day—
Let it smile thy grief away!

Care should never sadden
Those blue eyes of thine;
They were made to gladden,
They were made to shine.
Be dull sorrow banished,
Ever beauty's bane;
Dreary night hath vanished,
With it fled thy pain.
Shadowed be thy soul no more,
Let the day thy mirth restore.

Be not thou the only
Sad thing on the earth;
Day is never lonely,
Day was made for mirth.
Lo! the dream that shaded
All thy night with fear;
With the dawning faded,
Gloom no longer near:
Clear-eyed Morning, calm and fair,
With a glance hath quelled despair!

Bless thee! ever thou smilest,
As the angels do—
Dear one, thou beguilest
Me of sadness too.
Nature's dearest blessing,
Brightest one, and best;
Thee alone possessing,
I indeed am blest.
Dark to me would Morning be,
Could she fail to comfort *thee*!

Mountain Life.

THE AVALANCHES OF THE ALPS.

The formation of secure carriage roads across the Alps, taxed to the utmost the skill of the engineer. The ancient ways, practicable only at best for laden mules, followed the unsheltered brink of fearful precipices, liable in the winter and spring to be swept by tremendous avalanches. One of the most needful and important of the engineer's precautions was to secure his newly formed road from these desolating scourges, and this is done by the construction of strongly built galleries, with roofs sloping in the direction taken by the falling mass. It must be remarked, that the spots chiefly exposed are well known, the annual recurrence of the avalanche having worn for it a distinct channel; yet many places are unavoidably insecure, and the mail couriers, or any other persons whose occupation forces them to traverse the passes at the perilous season, often fall victims in spite of the utmost precaution. The annals of these secluded mountains are full of hair-breadth 'scapes; the wayside cross points out the fatal spot where a falling mass of rock or snow suddenly crushed the thoughtless peasant; and as we track the narrow ravine, overhung with towering precipices, and look where the herdsman has built his humble chalet, our only surprise is, that such occurrences are not more frequent—

"Mountains have fallen
Leaving a gap in the clouds—and filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters."

Who has not heard of the catastrophe of the Rossberg, and the destruction of the village of Goldau; of the fearful fate of Piurs, buried at midnight by a falling mountain so deeply, that all attempts to penetrate to its site have proved abortive? It was but the other day that the account of a similar occurrence was in all the papers.

Few impressions are more striking than the first sight of an avalanche. You are following, perhaps, the course of a playful brook through the verdant meadows and shady pine avenues of a Swiss valley, and are admiring the serene lustre of the snow-covered crests, which tower far above you into the cloudless azure, like palaces of crystal—the air is full of the sweet sounds of pastoral life, the pipe of the shepherd, the lowing of cattle, or the tinkling bell attached to their necks, as they roam over the lofty pasturages of the mountain—you are startled by a sound as of distant thunder; and turning your eyes in the direction whence it proceeds, you perceive the huge mass of snow descending like a streaming cataract from precipice to precipice, with a din the more tremendous, as in its descending impetus it encounters some fresh obstacle, some ridge of rock, which shatters it into foam. It is gone in an instant, but as you trace the ravine, you soon come upon lasting traces of its destructive violence: the pines of the forest are uptorn and shattered; huge rocks, brought down by the rushing mass, are hurled together in wild confusion, or, rolling to the utmost depth of the valley, are scattered over the narrow fields, marring the prospects of the toiling husbandman, who labor by the erection of strong barriers to confine the destructive agent to a narrower channel.

Avalanches fall during the whole year, but those in summer are for the most part comparatively inconsiderable, consisting merely of crusts of snow, which remain on the crest of a precipice till loosened and undermined by the summer heat and thaw. Yet these are quite sufficient to "tickle the catastrophe" of a passing tourist, as witness the following accident which happened to the writer personally, in a midsummer ramble among the mountains of the valley of Meyringhen, his object being, after visiting the fall of the Aar at Handek, to pass the night at the Hospice of the Grimsel.

The weather being perfectly serene, and the snow having entirely disappeared from the lower valleys, I deemed it quite unnecessary to take a guide; the more so, as I wished to linger at pleasure among the beautiful scenes with which the Hasli everywhere abounds. The fall of the Aar is perhaps the most striking in Switzerland, and it was late in the afternoon before I left the neighboring village of Guttanen to ascend to the wilder regions of the mountain. The green pasturages of the valley began to disappear, the chalets to become more rare and rude in their construction; the path now grew more dreary, the pines dwarfed and scanty, till they ceased entirely, and gave place to stunted heath and spongy moss; the air felt keen and cold, and the remains of the winter's snows still clothed the rugged sides of the narrowing ravine. A curious and high-pitched bridge of one arch spanned the torrent of the Aar, swollen with the melted snows, and foaming over huge blocks fallen from the mountains above. Upon this bridge I came to a pause. On either hand rose abruptly from the stream two enormous slopes covered with snow, which hung over its precipitous banks. The path was covered, but there were two lines of footsteps to be traced; one along the course of the stream, the other rapidly ascending the mountain—apparently a shorter cut to the Hospice of the Grimsel, my evening bourne, which I knew to be not far distant. After a brief pause, I decided on following the latter. It proved more difficult than I expected, and when I had advanced, by planting my feet in the foot-holes of former passengers, to a height of about fifty feet above the stream, I halted a second time, hesitating whether, as the sun was fast sinking, it would not be rash to follow a track so steep and toilsome, without any certainty as to where it led, and whether it might not be more prudent to retrace my steps and keep to the bank of the stream, when, if out of the right path, I was at least certain of reaching some chalet where I could obtain guidance, or, if need were, shelter for the night. Perhaps it is well that I advanced no higher; for just as I had resolved to descend, and had turned round, carefully availing myself of the holes which offered a frail footing, from my slippery perch, on the smooth hard snow, to my horror, that noise I was so familiar with, though as yet at a distance, the fearful sound of the avalanche, burst upon my ear with appalling distinctness and proximity, and, looking up the steep slope of the mountain, I perceived that a mass of snow, which had accumulated on some perpendicular precipices, was suddenly loosened from its precarious position, and in huge solid blocks and broken heaps was descending in a direct line to the spot on which I stood. Escape was impossible—the lightning flash was scarce more sudden or rapid than the resistless sweep of the avalanche. I averted my head instinctively from the first fearful shock, and thus receiving on my shoulders a violent concussion, was hurled along in the midst of the falling snow, receiving blow after blow from the loose blocks which burst as they descended, and in a moment was violently precipitated, with the entire mass, into the foaming torrent of the Aar. The instantaneous nature of the accident almost precluded any distinctness of sensation: one sole and terrible idea passed with electric speed,—that of instant entombment in the falling mass—of the most fearful and perhaps lingering of deaths—and the sadness of thus perishing in a manner unknown to those dear to me, till the discovery of my bones should solve at length the mystery of my long disappearance. While this idea was yet passing through my mind, I found myself in the foaming waters, struggling instinctively to disengage myself from the fallen snow. Happily, though from the violence of its descent it had seemed enormous in quantity, it was not so considerable as to offer any serious accumulation; some portions falling into the stream, and others breaking up among the rocks among which it was hurled, it soon left me at liberty. Hurried down by the fury of the torrent, my next care was to extricate myself from its foaming waves: grasping at rock after rock, I at length succeeded in arresting my downward career, and, dragging myself upon a ledge, stood under the raised snow-covered bank, which I succeeded in clambering up.

Trembling in every nerve, half drowned, and hatless, I regained, but a few minutes after I had quitted it, the same bridge where I had first been undecided in my course—but in a very different frame of mind. I was so stunned and confused that I could hardly realise what had passed during that eventful interval.

The sun glowed with its last rays upon the snow-covered mountains; the shadow crept solemnly up their sides, and invested them in gloom, while their roseate summits arose into the pure deep blue of heaven; the crescent moon appeared; the roar of the Aar filled the wild and quiet solitude—all was just as before the accident, save that a few broken heaps of snow, scarce perceptible, traced the path of the fallen avalanche—an insignificant occurrence in itself; yet, within a few moments, I had been menaced with a fearful fate, a feeling of the bitterness of death had passed through my agonized brain. My escape was almost by miracle, for if I advanced higher up the mountain, the additional height from which I should have been hurled would have rendered my destruction almost certain; and if carried down but a little farther by the torrent, I should have been precipitated over a cataract; had the first shock from the falling snow struck me on the head, or had I been violently dashed against the rocks of which the river was full, instead of receiving but a slight contusion, the result would have been fatal. I had received a solemn and effectual warning, that when the sense of health is most exquisite, each muscle high strung with pure air and exercise, when the blood courses most joyously through the veins, and the mind is open to none but the most pleasurable impressions, even "in the midst of life we are in death," liable to be crushed in an instant by the blind working of nature, as heedlessly as the gilded insect is trodden under foot by the unconscious traveller, unless a Providential Power is mysteriously exerted for our preservation.

The spring avalanches are the most tremendous in their consequences. Formed by the gradual accumulation of the snows of winter, saving only those portions which may be successively thrown off in a loose state, their mass is enormous, and coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountains through winding ravines with constantly increasing impetus, the rush of air alone caused by them is able to tear down the loftiest pines. Accordingly, they are the most dreaded by the hardy inhabitants of these regions. A painful instance of the desolation often inflicted by their ravages, was narrated to me by the pastor at Prali, when rambling about the Waldensian valleys.

In these primitive villages, where inns are unknown, the house of the clergyman is the only refuge of the occasional traveller, and, poor as they are, I have never known their hospitality to fail. Unlike the snug parsonage, or decent manse, the dwelling of the more remote Waldensian pastors is of the rudest character, and but a shade above the hovels of his poverty-stricken people. A stone-floored kitchen; a huge fireplace, supplied with pine logs, and blackened with the smoke of half a century; an enormous *pot au feu*, never empty, in which is kept a constant supply of broth, (an *olla podrida* composed of all sorts of ingredients,) is the family room, to which a more decent chamber is sometimes appended. Such was the habitation where a snow storm in the leafy month of June compelled me to remain for nearly three days. Even then, how wintry and how dreary was the landscape!—what must it be when for months the country is buried deep in snow, when no sound greets the imprisoned inhabitants but the echoing roar of avalanches and the dreary wail of the snow-storm, and when the pastor, in the performance of his ministrations of mercy and love, (and how precious are they to so forlorn and scattered a population!) must encounter a thousand perils to which habit alone can render him indifferent—the attack of wolves, the whelming avalanche, or the icy *tourmente*, or hurricane, that may instantly, as my guides have assured me, freeze up the springs of life, or, at the least, lay the foundation of some incurable malady?

Here is an adventure, simply and quaintly told by one of these indefatigable men. "Setting out alone," he says, "from Prali, one Sabbath at daybreak, to perform the first service of the day at Rodoret, at about a German league from thence, as I was crossing the hill called the Tracenco, I was encountered by such a furious hurricane of wind, that I was for a long while rolled to and fro in the snow, in which I lost my hat; but when I had reached the village of La Ville, David Guigon, an ancient pastor, having lent me another, I went on my way. But as my head had been well soaked in the wet snow, it was not long before it was covered with a nightcap of ice, with which I was compelled to go forward. When arrived at Rodoret, I *thawed my poor head a little before the fire*, but this did not hinder but that some weeks after I was laid upon my back, and so roughly handled by an imposthume, that all the doctors counted me for dead; my ears so greatly swollen that they were thicker than my two fingers, my jaws so firmly closed that it was not possible to get my teeth open to pour a spoonful of soup into my mouth; so that, to do so with a silver pipe, the Sieur Laurens, my uncle, thought good to break one of my side teeth, 'Because,' said he, 'God is all-powerful to raise him up, even yet; and then he will want again his *fore teeth for the work of preaching*.'" The good pastor of Prali told me of not a few hair-breadth 'scapes of his own, but the saddest event that had occurred in his experience was one recorded in a book which he kept to chronicle the short and simple annals of his village—the births, marriages and deaths, times of scarcity, or the few more marked occurrences which occasionally broke the monotonous course of their secluded existence.

It was at the most dangerous season of the avalanches, about the end of March, 1832, that eighteen men from Prali having gone down several miles into the lower valleys to seek work, were about to come home to their own families, when a heavy fall of snow, by adding its additional momentum to the winter avalanches which had not yet fallen, as well as by blocking up and impeding the path, rendered their return a matter of considerable peril. Unfortunately, the very circumstance that increased this peril was one which rendered them most anxious to get back, lest the additional weight of snow heaped upon their cottages should, as often happens, crush in the roof, and bury their wives and children. But the apprehensions which would deter an ordinary traveller are either unknown to these hardy mountaineers, or have but little influence when any object is at stake. They were, besides, well acquainted with the path, and knowing where each considerable avalanche (which always falls in the same channel) makes its annual descent, they were enabled to take the needful precautions against being surprised by it. In fact, they had surmounted every obstacle, and joyfully advanced till within sight of the clocher of Prali, and their snow-buried habitations. Here occurred an incident which, as in my own case, shows upon what trifling circumstances—upon what mere moments of haste or of delay—our frail existence is suspended. The path lay along the brink of the torrent, and was covered by the recent and heavy fall of snow, which had formed so thick an overhanging crust that the older and more wary of the band hesitated at keeping the usual track, lest by their weight the brittle mass should give way, and precipitate them into the boiling current. The younger and more reckless, on the contrary, eager to reach the homes they could already catch sight of, urged the bolder course; and while the dispute grew warm, the unhappy disputants forgot that they were in the very pathway of the last and most tremendous of the avalanches to which they were exposed—one which, coming down from the higher solitudes of the mountain, brings down with it an enormous quantity of debris and snow. At length, weary of the dispute, and impatient to proceed, the younger men rushed angrily forward—the rest impulsively followed: the angry sound of their voices had hardly ceased, when a fearful cry issued from the foremost—"On your faces, for your lives! Good God, the avalanche! the avalanche is upon us!" Over those behind, who instantly followed the advice, passed merely the outer and lesser portion of the falling mass, but the entire accumulation of a whole winter swept down the foremost thirteen, and hurling them into the torrent, buried them deep under a solid and immovable mass of snow.

As soon as the five who had thus almost miraculously escaped had recovered from their terror and confusion, they hastened to the relief of the others—one of them hurrying to the village to spread the sad tidings, and obtain assistance. The whole of the inhabitants were soon on the spot, laboring with the energy of friends or relatives to extricate their fellow villagers. But all their efforts were in vain; the solidity of the mass of snow defied their efforts, and it was not till the second day that the bodies were successively detached—each, as it appeared, awakening a burst of agony in the bereaved relatives. "That day," said the pastor, "was the saddest ever known in Prali. Almost all the poor fellows had wives and children to mourn for them; and besides, in our little secluded community, cut off from the rest of the world, our interests and our labors are in common; and we are like one family, where every one is rejoiced or afflicted with the others. I shall never forget the dreariness of their burial day—the weeping train that followed the bodies to the grave: their desolate condition, and my own recollections of the departed, so overwhelmed me that I was scarcely able to go through the service, and was often interrupted by my tears."

Such stories are by no means uncommon, but they are confined to the remote localities of these sequestered mountains.

WHERE THEY LEARN IT.—"I don't see where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in the mother's vocabulary. A little incident, which we happened to be eye-witnesses to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma.—We smiled a little at the time, we have thought a good deal since, and we trust not without profit.

"Bub," screamed a little bright-eyed girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a younger—who was seated on the curbstone making hasty pudding of the mud in the gutter—"Bub, you good-for-nothing, dirty little scamp, you tarnal imp of a child, come right into the house this minute, or I'll spank you till the skin comes off!"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean; where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood on the steps courtesying an adieu to a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently and answered—"Why, mother, you see we're playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning, that's all."

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF TWO DOLLAR CITY WEEKLIES.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST return their sincere thanks to their friends and the public, for the patronage extended to them since the enlargement of their paper; and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. The belief expressed in their last Prospectus, that the POST is destined to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, is fast becoming realized. The reason of this is in a great degree, to be found in the stand the POST has always taken against the immoral literature of the day. The public have felt, in the language of the North American and United States Gazette, of this city, that "*The POST has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*"

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The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, *if not paid in advance.*—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

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In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a *fair notice* of the paper (we ask not that it shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SATURDAY POST.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.*—*Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.*—*Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

WE HAVE always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.—*Chicopee Telegraph.*

THE ORIGINAL and selected articles of the Post are *generally better than those in any other paper.* If any of our readers wish the best general weekly in the country, we say subscribe for the *Post.*—*Sycamore Democrat.*

THE POST may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Iris.*

ONE OF THE regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorials and selections, which make it a valuable fireside companion.—*Centre Democrat.*

THE POST always ranked among the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is decidedly the largest and most handsome, will soon take the lead of its contemporaries.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette.*

THE POST is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the columns of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

ALTHOUGH THE POST was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The *dress* of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.*—*Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

THE POST came to us last week enlarged *eight mortal columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best* family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

WE REPEAT the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.—*Penna. Republican, York, Pa.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old and splendid weekly has recently been enlarged to the genuine mammoth size, has acquired strength and spirit since its enlargement, and is now one of the raciest and most original Weeklies ever issued in the United States, or the world. The amount and variety of talent employed on its columns, when we consider its extremely low price, is really surprising. The number for the present week is spicy with wit and sparkling with genius.—*Philada. Sun.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.—*North American and United States Gazette.*

AS A FAMILY journal, it is surpassed by none with which we are acquainted.—*Independent Delawarian.*

GETTING HOLD OF THE
WRONG CUSTOMER.

The Dry Goods Reporter concludes an article upon the practice of "drumming"—a practice which, as it is at present conducted, ruins probably some hundreds of young men in the Atlantic cities every year—with the following anecdote, which, it says, occurred in this city:

A tall, hearty-looking countryman, dressed in a claret-colored coat with bright buttons, very short waisted, and ending high up on the pantaloons in a very narrow skirt—a round-top white wool hat with an extremely wide brim—a very fanciful colored vest that seemed to have had a quarrel with the pantaloons, which latter were of brown cloth, cut to hug the figure, and resting on a pair of very serviceable boots—called for lodging at —— Hotel, and entered his name in the books, "Joseph Stubbs, Illinois." As soon as he laid down the pen, a very gentlemanly looking man, a drummer for a dry goods house, stepped up to him and opened conversation.

"We have had a very warm day, Mr. Stubbs."

Stubbs (nothing abashed)—Well, it has been warm *a few.*

Drummer.—When did you leave home, sir?

Stubbs.—About a fortnight ago.

Drummer.—Have you had much rain with you this summer?

Stubbs.—Y-e-s, we had a smart chance of wet the fore part of June, since then it's been mostly dry.

Drummer, (cautiously).—You are on to buy goods, I suppose?

Stubbs.—Well, I reckon to buy a few notions before I go home.

Drummer.—Have you been long in the trade, sir?

Stubbs.—Well, I've been trading off an' on ever since I was a boy.

Drummer, (with assumed carelessness.)—You buy on *credit*, I suppose?

Stubbs.—No, I always pay my way as I go; that's my motto.

Drummer, (respectfully.)—And a very good one it is; take a cigar, sir.

Stubbs.—Don't mind if I do.

And lighting a couple of regalias the two became quite confidential, and Stubbs is enlightened on the subject of the city trade, generally, and more particularly the way that Dash, Splash & Co. (drummer's employers) transact their immense business, and the true secret, (which *he* is not to divulge,) of their being able to defy competition, and undersell all their neighbors. At dinner Stubbs is treated to a bottle of choice Champaigne, which he drinks with as little ceremony as if it were country cider. In the evening, arm-in-arm with his new-found companion he visits the opera, and though the most fashionable portion of play-goers are out of town, he is infinitely amused. In the morning he is determined to "see the lions" before he will be induced to visit the store; so he is taken in a carriage to Laurel Hill, Girard College, the Fairmount Water Works, the Mint, &c., for all of which, as it costs him nothing, he is of course very grateful. In the evening he attends at the Arch, and is delighted with the performance both *in the pit* and on the stage.

After a day or two of gratuitous enjoyment he consents to visit the store. Of course he is introduced to all hands, who profess themselves happy of his acquaintance, and at length Mr. Dash, who has him in hand, comes to business. "Well, Mr. Stubbs, what will you look at first?"

Stubbs.—Have you any woollen shawls, yaller or red, striped or cross-barred?"

The clerks eat their pocket-handkerchiefs to prevent an explosion, and Mr. Dash produces the shawls.

Stubbs.—How much is the damage on these?

Dash.—These, sir, are a very fine article of our own importation, (hem!) we will sell them to you, sir, at five dollars."

Stubbs.—Can't you say *four* for cash?

Dash.—We can't indeed, Mr. Stubbs, they cost us more money to import.

Stubbs.—Well, I'll take this one. Now show me a *first chop mouslin de lane.*

Dash.—Here is a case of very fine ones at 35 cents, all new styles and warranted fast colors.

Stubbs.—This will do exactly—cut me eight yards off this 'ere one.

Dash, (looking a little blank.)—But we don't cut these goods, Mr. Stubbs.

Stubbs.—W-h-e-w! Then I'm up.

Dash, (beginning to show some chagrin.)—What else will you look at, sir?

Stubbs.—I don't want nothing else, unless it is a comforter for John to wear around his neck. I did think I should buy him stuff for a pair of breeches, but I've been told by a chap from a clothing store, that they'll come cheaper ready made. I was going to buy two or three dresses for the old woman, but as you don't sell less than a piece, why I'm *flummuxed*, and must try somewhere else.

Dash, (drawing his hat very fiercely over his eyes.)—Mr. Stubbs, there is some mistake here; I thought you told my young man that you were in the dry goods trade.

Stubbs, (his little grey eyes twinkling like fixed stars.)—"I never said nothing about *dry goods* at all. I told him I had been trading off an' on since I was a boy, and so I have, but I never traded in nothing *drier* than *horses.* I am sorry you are *disappointed*, as the young man was so perlite. Here is the money for the shawl; if any on you should happen out our way, call in; if I aint to *hum* the old woman will be glad to see you;" and with a very polite bow Mr. Stubbs departed to look up the rest of his "few notions."

If Messrs. Dash, Splash & Co. had not in their anger employed a new drummer, it is very probable that this story would not have leaked out.

Varieties.

THE LONE INDIAN.

He leaned against a prairie oak,
The dark brow'd forest child—
A chieftain tall, as ever woke
His war cry midst the sulphur smoke
Of battle fierce and wild.

No eagle feather graced his brow—
Torn trousers—sad to see
Embraced his loins—but when or how
He'd hitched them there, the poet now
Can't tell—no more could he.

Chief of his tribe—but not "*the last*,"
He had six Indian boys—
From six feet two—to four feet six—
And four were death on getting "bricks"
And two upon a noise.

But I'm digressing—to my song—
Where was I—let me see;
A native savage, tall and strong
I left him—if I am not wrong,
Leaning against a tree.

He was a beauty to behold,
For seekers after sights;
With moccasins untied and old,
And bloodshot eyes, that plainly told
He had been drunk for nights.

N. O. Picayune.

BEWARE OF EVIL.—Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard's broken health, and shattered intellect, "I can never so fall." He thought as little of falling, in his earliest years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspicious as the firmest around him, and would have repelled as indignantly, the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it, have it by its first access. Youth does not suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palsying poison in the draught which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams that the glass that animates conversation, will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless steps, and binds the first cord with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured by all, and should influence the arguments and habits of social and domestic life, in every class of the community.—*Dr. Channing.*

QUIZZING THE TELEGRAPH.—The Express, N. York, thus quizzes the important announcements which are every day received by telegraph despatch:—

"At Saccarappa, in Maine, an old woman fell from the sixth story of a cotton factory, and marvellous to tell, like a cat, she lighted upon her feet. Her husband not knowing the fate of his spouse, jumped in pursuit, and horrible to tell, he fell upon his feet also, but such was the violence of his fall that his legs were driven through his shoulders."

☞ A few mornings since, an employer observing one of his workmen staggering about his work, accosted him with—"What is the matter, Sam?" "Noth—nothing, sir, only I'm *loaded.*" "You're *discharged*, then," was the reply. "Then of course I must *go off*," rejoined Sam, and away he went.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 66 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are indebted for subscription to this paper:

Of J. F. Rowland, now or late of Claiborne, Alabama.
Of Henry Gant, now or late of Hopkinsville, Ky.
Of Chas. Savage, now or late of Elmira, N. York.
Of A. B. Turner, now or late of Kent, Kent county, Mich.
Of A. P. Roberts, now or late of do. do. do.
Of Chas. H. Oakes, now or late of Grandville, Mich.
Of E. Haskins, now or late of Pontiac, do.
Of Jos. Hildebrand, now or late of New Madrid, Missouri.
Of E. N. Haskell, now or late of Saverton, Missouri.
Of Lemuel M. Hamilton, now or late of Augusta, Ky.
Of Newton Alexander, now or late of Lexington, Ky.
Of J. G. Carleton, now or late of Louisville, do.
Of Wm. H. Childers, now or late of Dry Ridge, do.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship America arrived at Boston on the afternoon of the 29th ultimo, bringing seven days later news from Europe.

Another insurrection has broken out in Ireland; but judging from the details that have come to hand, it is not a very serious affair. The first accounts state that there had been a general rising of the peasantry in certain districts, that the main body of the insurgents was 4,000 strong, that O'Gorman and Doheny were the leaders, that cannon had been captured by them, &c., &c. Later accounts, however, lead us to infer that the first statements are very much exaggerated. Wilmer & Smith's Times believes that the disturbances are more of an "agrarian" than of a political nature; while the Dublin Freeman says:

"The movement, if called a rising, was a rising of poverty, and not a manifestation of political discontent. As to the presence of Doheny, O'Gorman, or O'Mahony, it is pure fabrication—none of these gentlemen were even said to be present by any parties who spoke of what they saw or even heard in the vicinity.

"It was a purely guerilla warfare, directed against certain landholders who have lately distrained upon the growing crops of their tenants on account of arrears of rent; and the absence of any political feelings on the part of the rioters, has been throughout remarkable. The movements of the party were irregular and without concert. At one moment they were reported to be on the hill at Carrickbeg, at another at Lavery Bridge, in the evening to be encamped at Curraghmore Wood, and next morning they appeared at Kilmacthom."

In addition to the above reasons for believing that this movement will prove of but little consequence, we may mention the fact, that in all the attacks mentioned as having been made by the insurgents on small bodies of the police, the latter were invariably the victors. The most favorable sign for the insurgents, was a statement, the truth of which seems doubtful, that 28 men belonging to a British regiment had been put in irons for shouting for repeal. It may be, however, that we attach less importance to this outbreak than it deserves. Some of our contemporaries head it, "Real Rebellion come at last," and they evidently take a different view of the matter. But we confess the events of the last month, have rather altered our views as to the probability of a successful Irish rebellion. Not that we believe the Irish nation is not numerous and strong enough to assert its right to self government—for we remember the anecdote of a famous Lacedemonian General, who having been bitten by a mouse that he had caught, and which by that means made its escape, cried, "Oh, Jupiter! what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it!"—but we fear the native spirit of the Irish people has been so palsied by long years of oppression, that they cannot nerve their hearts to risk the fearful punishments of an unsuccessful rebellion.

The accounts from France are not so satisfactory as could be desired. It is feared that the "Red Republicans," (another term for the Jacobins) have the majority of votes in Paris. France seems to be divided into numerous political parties, of all shades of opinion. Thus, it is said, there were *seventeen* candidates in the field for the three vacancies in the Department of the Seine, which were to have been filled on the 17th ultimo. When we receive the returns of this election, by the next steamship, we can form a sounder judgment as to the dangers to be apprehended from "Red Republicanism," &c.

Opposed to "Red Republicanism," is the other extreme of "Imperialism," represented by the Bonapartists. This latter party, however, seeing that the name of Emperor does not please the masses at present, are using all their energies to elect their head, Louis Napoleon (whose portrait will be found on our first page,) *President.* These two parties seem to be, at present, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Moderate Republicans, at present in power, under the lead of Cavaignac.

In consequence of the acceptance by Austria of French and English intervention, the Army of Italy will be reduced to 20,000 men, and an army of observation formed on the Rhine. This movement may indicate a looking forward to an intervention at no very distant date, on the part of France and England, in the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty. In which quarrel, so far as we have been able to see into the millstone, the Danes are mainly in the right.

General Cavaignac is experiencing one of the pleasures that attend the possession of the chief power in France—an officer, walking in the garden attached to his residence, was fired at recently, being taken doubtless for the General. There is one main distinction between an American and a Frenchman—an American, if he does not like his rulers, throws a paper ballot, whenever he gets a chance, against them; a Frenchman, under the same circumstances, fires a leaden bullet.

In Germany, affairs are also unsettled. We find among the news the following important item:

The overthrow of the governments at Frankfort and Berlin are announced, as the Germans are bent on establishing an empire. Everything at Berlin is in the most excited state, and the King is about publishing a manifesto to the nation.

There had been some disturbances of a social character at Edinburg, in Saxony. Two large manufactories were destroyed by the workmen, and in the conflict with the guards the latter were disarmed and fled. Fifteen were killed.

The Neapolitans, it is reported, have taken Messina—not much hope, if this be the case, for the poor Sicilians. A Paris paper of the 11th, speaks of a confederation to be concluded between the Italian powers of Sardinia, Tuscany, Rome and Naples, on condition that the Duke of Genoa should not accept the crown of Sicily, and all the powers should offer mediation between Sicily and Naples to induce the former to accept the son of Ferdinand.

The Cholera has appeared in the Grecian isles. With slow but sure steps comes on this Scourge of Nations!

CURIOUS.

Lord John Russell has been summoned as a witness on behalf of Smith O'Brien. The reason of this summons is said to be that certain autograph notes of the noble Lord's, have in some unaccountable manner, found their way into the possession of the Irish leader. These notes Mr. O'Brien's counsel wish the author to identify. It is said their contents are most curious and even treasonable—that they were written during the memorable Reform Bill agitation, and convey instructions to the effect that large bodies of men should be marched upon London, under the pretext of petitioning, but, in reality, to terrify, if not worse. This certainly would be a most admirable and pleasant turning of the tables on the British Premier, but we are afraid it is too good to be true.

It is also said that Lord John has stated, in one of his works on the constitution of England, that "it is sufficient to justify the success of an insurrection that people are weary with suffering, and view with complacency a change of rule." If the noble Lord has written and printed such things, he will never hear the last of it from "Punch," and the tory portion of the British press.

CHARITY AND JUSTICE.

A correspondent sends us the following article upon the duty of Charity:

If we "survey mankind from China to Peru," we shall find that a great lack of charity pervades the whole Christian world. We may see this exemplified by numberless instances in our own city, without going abroad to seek them. Thousands are at the present moment suffering, without the power to relieve themselves, for the deficiency of this virtue. We are told in Holy Writ, that "he that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." Is this injunction obeyed by those, whose circumstances in life will permit them so to do? No, too numerous are the examples, occurring daily, that confirm us in the contrary opinion. If some of the rich and great of the land were for a moment to reflect, while they are gratifying themselves by purchasing some trifling object, that the money they are about spending might tend, in some measure, to alleviate the sufferings of some one of their many poverty-stricken fellow-creatures, we are confident they would devote it to charity. It is the want of thought in many persons that they are heedless of the afflictions of others; and Thomson speaks truly when he says:—

"Ah, little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain."

We believe it no charity to extend succor to individuals, who are afflicted with no malady except that of laziness, and who can get employment if they wish it,—to the solicitations of such for aid we should not give heed. But, there are others who deserve our sympathy; we mean those, who, by some protracted disease, have been disabled from earning a subsistence, and which has ultimately reduced them to abject poverty. On such, should our alms be bestowed with cheerfulness.—In closing these brief remarks, we would impress on our readers the sentiment, "*Be charitable.*"

J. B. H.

We will not yield to any one in our admiration of the divine virtue of Charity; but there is another virtue, made of a "sterner stuff," which, if men were not so forgetful of, there would be comparatively little need of the exercise of Charity, so far as it has reference to alms giving—we mean that perhaps greatest of the virtues, Justice. For ourselves, we do not feel it of so much importance to ask for the poor, that society be charitable towards them, as that it be just towards them. Pay men what is fair and right for their labor, and there will be very little poverty in the world. Do not facts prove this? There is comparatively very little poverty in the United States, because the working classes are paid nearer a fair and just price for their work, than in any other country on the globe. But turn to France, Germany, England, and behold the immense masses of paupers, subsisting on the charity of the benevolent and of the state. The fault in Europe is not that there is not enough charity, but that there is too little justice.

And it is this forgetfulness of justice, which is the main cause of the present convulsions in Europe. Poverty and pauperism were the causes of the recent French Revolution, as of the first. And this poverty and pauperism are the result of political and social injustice. So far as the hard earnings of the European poor are wrested from them in the shape of taxes to support a hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, with their castles, luxuries, standing armies, &c., the injustice is political. So far as their poverty is dependent upon the low rate of compensation they receive for their labor, the injustice is social. The pressure of both kinds of injustice has become so insupportable, that the masses of Europe are fast growing reckless—beholding no punishment that violated law can inflict, equal to the evils they are already enduring.

The way to right the political injustice of an expensive monarchy and aristocracy, is not difficult to perceive, though it may be difficult for a time, for the ignorant masses of Europe, made ignorant by oppression, to walk in the republican path.—How to remedy the social injustice, is a much more difficult question. But we will venture a few thoughts in relation to this evil and its remedy.

In the first place, what is the true source of the evil? Is it not selfishness? Let us consider a moment.

If we are not mistaken, the great law and maxim of the industrial and social world, for the last century, has been this, "Every man for himself." The idea of Justice, so far as relates to the prices of commodities, or the wages of labor, has become, in a great degree, obsolete. Commodities and labor, have been and are considered worth "what they will bring." Now it is easy to trace the operation of this principle. Before the introduction of machinery to any considerable extent in manufactures, the wages of the workmen bore a certain proportion to the profits of the manufacturer. As machinery of various kinds was invented and introduced, there was less demand for hand labor; and acting on the selfish principle we have spoken of, advantage was taken of the overplus of labor to force down the rate of wages. Understand us. We do not mean to assert that the employers were specially wrong in doing this—they acted up to what was then and is now generally considered right and fair, by all classes of the community. It was for this reason, because the introduction of machinery operated so disadvantageously upon the interests of the operatives, that its introduction was so violently, and in many cases, riotously opposed.

We know that the introduction of machinery, and the consequent ability to manufacture cheaper goods, caused a much greater consumption of and demand for them than before, but the effect, on the whole, was to lessen from year to year the wages of the working classes, until now three millions of the people of Great Britain and Ireland are paupers, and the wages of the common people, when compared with the prices of breadstuffs, meat and other necessaries of life (the only true mode of estimating them) are probably less than they ever have been.

Now let us push this selfish principle to its extreme. In the progress of ages, the world may approximate to a period, when nearly the whole of the physical labor necessary to be performed, shall be done by machinery. In such a case, what would be the probable condition of that large number who depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread? The time may come, probably will come, when very few printers will be required, for type will be set by machinery—when shoes, and hats, and thousands of other things which are now made by hand, will be made in whole or in part by steam. When the cultivation of the land itself, shall employ comparatively but few laborers; and omnipotent steam become the great drudge of the world. If such a time should come, what would then be the market-price of labor, on the principle of "every man for himself," and "a thing is only worth what it will bring?" Looking forward in imagination to such a probable period, we see vast numbers of beings in the shape of men and women and children, the pariahs of creation, leading miserable lives in caves and huts, ready to work at a farthing a day, while around them glows a world of fertility and beauty, surpassing aught that has gladdened the heart of man, since Adam cast his last lingering glance back upon his forfeited paradise.

Such is the horrid, beautiful picture that we see in the light of imagination—but we do not believe that the eye of mortal will ever rest upon such a reality. We believe that mankind will perceive their error in this matter, before many centuries, and correct it. We believe that steam and machinery will not much longer, in the old world, be put in fearful competition with human sinews. That those great gifts of the Almighty Father will be used to bless the whole and not a portion only of His children. That the doctrine of "enlightened selfishness" shall give place to the great doctrine of Love. That Justice will be found the first great requirement of Love. That men will learn to recognize in their business, and in all their dealings one with another, as well as in their churches, that there is one Lord and Father, and that all mankind are brethren.

FALSE PATRIOTISM.

The following is going the rounds—we hope it is not true:

WESTERN LAW AND PATRIOTISM.—A fiddler, one of Paganini's rivals, who had been astonishing the natives in this country, and abusing our institutions, received a blow in the eye from a Justice of the Peace in St. Louis, who had been a listener to his disparaging remarks. The Squire was prosecuted. The Attorney for the accused submitted the case to the Jury without any defence. The following was the verdict returned: perhaps the whole history of jurisprudence does not furnish anything so unique: "We find the prisoner not guilty, and that the prosecutor deserves to have his other eye blackened."

The "patriotism" that would abuse a foreigner for speaking disparagingly of our institutions, is of a very silly and contemptible kind. If this same Justice of the Peace was abroad, he would not fancy being knocked down by some Englishman or Austrian, because he happened to express his opinion that the governments of England and Austria were not of the best quality. We glory that we live in a country where every man, native or foreigner, may express his opinion freely, be it favorable or unfavorable to our institutions. We are so well persuaded of the superiority of our own government, that we are only amused, not angered, at the usual depreciating comments of foreigners. And when a foreigner happens to hit upon a weak place in American precept or practice, we do not fly into a passion, but "acknowledge the corn." This we think a much superior kind of patriotism.

BOYS AND GIRLS JOURNAL.

A pretty little paper with this title has been sent to us, with a request that we should notice it. The numbers we have seen are filled with useful and entertaining matter, peculiarly suited to the class for whom the paper is intended. It is published weekly by Charles Fithian, No. 21 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price, fifty cents per annum.

HOMŒOPATHIC COLLEGE.

We would call the attention of that portion of the community favorable to the Homœopathic system of medicine, to the advertisement of the establishment of a Homœopathic Medical College. Two of the Professors, Doctors Jeanes and Williamson, we know personally to be very able and well qualified men.

PRIZE TALES.

Of all the humbugs of newspaperdom, that of Prize Tales is perhaps the greatest. As a general thing no prize is awarded. The plan upon which the thing is managed, is as follows: A publisher of a paper or other periodical will offer a prize of from three hundred to one thousand dollars, (the amount makes no difference, the larger the better, however,) for the best tale received within a certain period. Accordingly tales will flow in upon him from all quarters—though seldom from writers of any ability or reputation, for they understand the matter. As a general result, none of these tales will be worth printing. The publisher then goes to some well-known author, and offers him or her a fair price for the kind of story he wishes—and this story, when completed, is published to the world as the one that has taken the prize. In case, however, that a really good story is sent in, it is generally easy to make an arrangement with the author, to take some fifty or a hundred dollars for it, in the place of the three or five hundred offered.

But our readers may ask how men can reconcile such transactions with their consciences? Indeed we know not, good reader. Sometimes, however, we believe they "whip the devil round the stump," in this way: They say to the author, we will give you the full prize price of the story, say five hundred dollars,—but you must agree to purchase the copyright of it back again, for say four hundred and fifty dollars. This arrangement, they consider, makes it "a fair business transaction."

We will not deny that in the early periods of this prize story business, things were conducted fairly. The former proprietors of this paper, some years ago, offered a series of prizes, which we have every reason to believe were fairly awarded; but of late there has been so much trickery in it, as to discourage all publishers who will not resort to the same low game, from having anything to do with the prize system. For instance, suppose we were to offer, in good faith, a prize of five hundred dollars for the best tale sent in within a certain period—ten chances to one, but in the next week's paper of some not over honest contemporary, we should behold an offer of one thousand dollars placarded. And the result would be that this contemporary, *apparently*, would quite outshine us, probably at a real cost of only about one hundred dollars.

We have been intending to make these remarks for some time, in order to place this matter fairly before the community. And we embrace the present occasion to do so, because the season of prizes is close at hand. Against fair competition, in the newspaper line, we have nothing to say; but against this unfair system, a system in which honest men are sure to be beaten, we are determined to wage war, and expose to the public its falsity.

Our country contemporaries will do service to the cause of truth and honesty, by placing this matter in a proper light before their readers.

THE CENTRAL ROAD.

The Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad have issued an address to the Stockholders upon its progress, probable cost, &c. It appears that two million six hundred thousand dollars are yet wanted, to enable the road to be completed. The Directors say that they will not consent to build the road on borrowed money, or push the work faster than the means are furnished. We cannot doubt that this appeal will be responded to by the capitalists and business men of Philadelphia. This railroad will not only greatly increase the trade and prosperity of our city, but it is absolutely necessary to the continuance of the present amount of trade. If that large class of our citizens who are continually depreciating Philadelphia enterprize, and contrasting it unfavorably with that of New York, would but step forward, and put their shoulders to the wheel, there would soon be little ground for such an unfavorable comparison.

In relation to the progress of the road, the Directors state that the road from Harrisburg to Lewistown, will be in active operation in May next. In December following, it will be completed to Huntingdon, at which point it will receive a large share of western trade and travel. In May following it will be opened to Hollidaysburg, and in connection with the Portage, there will be a continuous line of railway, extending from Philadelphia two hundred and eighty-seven miles, out of three hundred and fifty. The western side will be finished the same year as the eastern.

The amount of funds required as stated by the chief engineer, is	$6,520,000 00
Of which there is secured by public and private subscription,	5,250,000 00
Leaving to be provided,	1,270,000 00
Add to stock the road with cars and locomotives,	1,340,000 00
Total to be raised,	2,610,000 00

We should think the mere instinct of self-preservation would lead to a speedy subscription of this small amount—small as contrasted with the wealth of this city and county. The owners of *real estate* are specially interested in this matter. Business men can easily transfer their capital to Boston or New York, mechanics can readily move to the places where their labor is in most request, but real estate must remain and depreciate, if trade begins to languish. We care not that Philadelphia should have a monopoly of the trade of the West, but we do care that she should have her fair proportion. And when Boston, New York and Baltimore, are opening railroad communications to Ohio and Michigan, if Philadelphia does not follow suit, she will find her trade yearly abandoning her. But this matter is so plain, that it seems almost useless to enforce it.

THE BUFFALO HUNT.

The Buffalo Hunt appears to have come out of "the little end of the horn." Two hundred men arrived on the 9th ult. at St. Joseph's, but finding no Buffaloes in that region, and no other hunters, they concluded they were on the wrong trail, and sailed back to New Orleans. The following note from Capt. Besancon, their leader, to Col. Kinney, the reported head of the expedition, is rather amusing, showing as it does that the gallant Captain was rather "too quick on the trigger." He should have remembered Davy Crockett's maxim, "See first you're right, *then* go ahead." The Captain writes to Colonel Kinney:

Dear Sir:—I regret exceedingly having brought down men for the purpose of engaging in what is and has been called the Sierra Madre expedition. Had I been aware of your own opinions, and not relied upon Madam Rumor, I should have been saved the expense of subsistence and transportation of a large body of men.

However, I have no just cause of complaint against you. From the conversation I had with you upon my arrival here, I became satisfied that your name had been used by others to an extent not authorised by yourself.

What Col. Kinney's views are of the Sierra Madre prospect, we are told by himself in a letter to the Star, from which we extract the following:

The recent movement in New Orleans, in which a number of men have been *regularly enrolled* for the expedition in question, was one of the most hasty and short sighted affairs of the day, and as my name was more or less used in connection with it, I most unequivocally assert that I had no more to do with it than Herrera himself; that I had no right to act in such business, nor do I think any other person in the city had. There being, then, no one authorised by the *people* of the Northern Provinces, shows the move to be premature and unfortunate—unfortunate, because, should the people interested in the government of that section of country seek hereafter their neighbors' assistance in time of need, the present movement would tend to impede their progress.

We observe that General Taylor has been invested, by the Secretary of War, with authority to prevent armed bodies leaving the United States to invade Mexico. Circular instructions also were issued on the 30th of August last, directing the District Attorneys of the South-Western States, to enforce the provisions of the act of Congress of the 20th of April, 1818, in relation to this subject. For the present, therefore, the Buffalo Hunt may be considered, in the language of a recent anecdote, a "short tailed movement."

MEXICAN FARMING AND WOMEN.

Looking over an Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore, in March last, by Cassius M. Clay, we were rather surprised to find the following statement:

"In ponds, in stone fences, hedging and ditching, in putting in wheat, and gathering it into stacks and barns, I have never seen in America anything to equal Mexico.

Again. Our readers will see on our fourth page an account of an adventure in Mexico, in which a girl of very fair complexion figures. When we came across this girl we were inclined to doubt the truth of the whole story, because, thought we, the Mexican women are all brunettes. But, reading Mr. Clay's Address afterwards, we found, to our surprise, the following:

The Mexican women of Spanish ancestry are generally brunettes, with black hair, and bright, black eyes; but some of them are the *fairest blondes, with blue eyes and auburn hair.* Some of the native Indians of the highlands, as in the mountains of Toluca, are *nearly white, of a warm, red complexion*, like the people near Lima, in South America; these are also beautiful in feature, and have none of the characteristic features of the Indian race.

Comment: It does not do to be too suspicious of the strange tales told by our volunteers of their adventures in Mexico. Perhaps almost one-half of them may be true.

WHAT THEY WILL SAY.

Godey, in his last paper, says:

The Camden and Amboy Company, have established a $3 line, to run by the way of Camden, Bordentown, and New Brunswick. What will the grumblers say now?

Say that some good comes of "grumbling," friend Godey.

HOW IS IT?

A Hebrew Synagogue was consecrated last week in Cincinnati. There are three Synagogues there, with a population of three thousand Jews.

How is this? Is the old Jewish antipathy to pork dying out?

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine has said some capital things in his time. Not the worst was a speech of his when he was on the stairs of the Hotel de Ville, attempting to remove the red flag of "red republicanism." The people shouted "La tete de Lamartine"—the head of Lamartine. Lamartine calmly replied, "My head, citizens! would to God you all had it on your shoulders."

Lamartine's reported book, "Three months in power," turns out to be a pamphlet—a refutation of the many and contradictory charges made against him. It is said to refute most fully and completely the charge that he yielded in June last, to the irrational demands of the multitude. He had continually called the attention of the Government to the inadequacy of the troops in Paris, in case of an outbreak; more, he had offered the only plan at all feasible to conciliate the workmen, that of buying the railways, employing the workmen upon them, and thus dispersing this great mass of inflammable material through the various departments. This plan may have been visionary, but it appears to have been the best that was suggested. The Government neither embraced it, nor any other, and the terrible outbreak of June was the consequence.

The last notice we have of Lamartine, is the rejection of a recent motion of his, in the Assembly. He made an amendment to an article of the Constitution, now under discussion, pledging the State to provide labor for all its citizens. It was lost amidst much tumult, by a majority of 187 to 30. This seems to denote that the reactionary movement is very strong, and strengthens us in the impression that Lamartine's views are too liberal for the present majority of the French people, and that thus he has become unpopular and lost his power. But in power or out of power, Lamartine will ever command the affectionate admiration of all true friends of liberty, as a man who when the storm of revolution was highest, and panting for social wreck and destruction, calmed down the wild waves of popular frenzy with the spiritual charm of his presence, and the beauty, power, and christian fervour of his eloquence.

A PEACE CONVENTION.

A Convention for the purpose of influencing the public opinion of the Christian and civilized world in favor of substituting some other and more rational mode of settling international differences than an appeal to brutal force, was held at Brussels on the 20th, 21st and 22nd ult. The three particular points brought forward for consideration were the introduction of an Arbitration Clause in all international treaties—the establishment of a High Court of Nations for the settlement of international disputes, and the General Disarmament of Nations. The invitation was confined to those who hold that all war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity.

We are sorry when invitations to such Conventions are narrowed down, as in the above instance, to those who hold that all war is unchristian. We are convinced that there are thousands and hundreds of thousands, who believe in the often lawfulness of war, who could be made to see the benefits that would result from some peaceable mode of settling the disputes of nations. The establishment of a High Court of Nations is a grand idea, and brings before us visions of that time when all the nations of the earth shall be connected in the bonds of brotherhood—when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," and a meek and loving spirit, as of "a little child," shall lead them. But at the present period, we consider the introduction of an Arbitration Clause in all international treaties, the most feasible plan of preserving the peace of the world. Grant that injustice would often be done by arbitrators—the loss to either party generally would be very small compared to the cost of a war; and no national honor—that ignis fatuus which has led so many nations into the marshes of debt and pecuniary embarrassment—would be forfeited. For all such attempts to bring about the peaceable kingdom of our Saviour on earth, we should be false to our own better nature, if we had not a word of encouragement.

THE ODD FELLOWS.

There is trouble among the Odd Fellows—they would be truly *odd* if they were not in trouble occasionally. The decision of the Grand Lodge, in the New York case, has created considerable dissatisfaction. The Grand Committee of Oneida, New York, District, has unanimously resolved not to submit to that decision, "because said decision constitutes the Grand Sire the Autocrat of the Order." In addition to this, we learn that a meeting was held by the thirteen uninterested States, and an address adopted by them expressive of favorable opinions and sympathy towards those lodges which claimed the new Constitution for law; advising them to hold their ground firmly, and assuring them that during the coming year an extra session of the Grand Lodge should be called, and either then or at the next annual session the subject should be reconsidered, and decision made, without doubt, in their favor. If these dissentions continue, the peaceable members of the Order will be disposed to cry, before long, in the words of the poet:

Oh, for a *lodge* in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumors of *oppression* and *deceit*,
May never reach us more!"

LIVING UPON AIR.

A brother editor thus alludes to a singular absurdity which seems to have possessed the minds of a large portion of the public:

"A queer idea has somehow got abroad that periodical proprietors, paper-makers, printers, pressmen, and all the multifarious, viviparous, warm-blooded animals connected with publishing matters, share the properties of the chameleon. There can be no greater mistake than this. Whatever theories may exist on the subject, it is a well ascertained fact that none of those classes of people are exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity; but are compelled, in order to preserve their vitality, to repair the waste of nature from time to time, with substantial element. But this zoological absurdity is not more preposterous than another dogma, which seems to obtain among some of our delinquent agents and subscribers. They seem to think that a periodical is one of the lower order of vegetables, which, when once planted, grows and flourishes of itself, and drops its blossoms and fruits at their door, without any expense of care and culture."

As we have reason to believe that a large number of our subscribers have become believers in the absurd doctrine referred to, we would respectfully request them to disabuse their minds of such an irrational idea, and manifest their return to sound reason by a consistent practice.

HIGH TREASON.

The following is the present penalty of the English law, for the crime of high treason. It used to be much more barbarous:

The person convicted to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and be hanged by the neck until dead, then the head to be severed, and the body cut into quarters, and be at the King's disposal. The consequences of the sentence are—corruption of blood; by which he can neither inherit or transmit lands to his heirs; loss of dower to his wife, and forfeiture to the crown of his lands, goods and chattels.

Contrast the above barbarous cutting of the dead body into quarters, to be at the disposal of little Queen Victoria—what could she do with them but bury them?—and the extension of the punishment to the unfortunate wife and children of the culprit, with our own mild code. The Constitution of the United States expressly prohibits all barbarity in executions, and says that treason shall work no corruption of blood.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A contemporary calls the "London Musical World" the great *organ* of the musical community. We wonder if the writer knew he was saying so good a thing. We opine not, for he makes this *organ* speak well of a certain *piano*, which, if musical instruments be as jealous of one another as those that play on them, could hardly be the case. Of all the *genus irritabile*, save us from singers and musicians! Truffi and Benedetti got in a furious passion the other day in New York, because their names were not printed on a play bill in as large type as some one else's. These people give away to the public so much of the "music in their souls," that they have not sufficient left for home consumption. Alas! for the evils of overtrading.

IRELAND'S WOES.

The London Dispatch gives a painful picture of the work of depopulation now going on in the South of Ireland, and especially in the Counties of Limerick and Clare, under the supervision of the landlords. More than one thousand houses have been demolished, and the unfortunate people are squatted by the roadside in huts. Who can wonder that there should be constant outbreaks where such "inhumanity to man" prevails. Talk as you will of the "vested rights" of the English landlords in Ireland, they have no better foundation than the "robber right of conquest," and such a right cannot be pleaded against the inalienable right, as the Declaration of Independence calls it, of the people of Ireland *to live.*

THE IRISH CLERGY.

The correspondence found among the papers of the insurgent leaders, is said by the Dublin Herald to implicate the Roman Catholic Clergy to a very considerable extent—much further than was at first supposed. Those implicated to the extent of high treason are said to be simple parish priests, but four prelates, of whom one is an Archbishop, are said to be implicated to a less degree. This, as yet, however, rests upon but slender authority.

MOTTO WAFERS.

Motto wafers are pretty things—they are, we believe, fast taking the place of sealing-wax, which is a bore. Mr. P. Thompson, corner of Sixth and Arch streets, in this city, has them in great variety of motto and color. Price twenty-five cents, for a sheet containing three hundred and twenty-three assorted mottoes.

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

The City Councils of New York have resolved to present the sailor Jerome, "the freedom of the city," for his heroic conduct in rescuing the crew of the Ocean Monarch. The Boston Transcript thinks this is not much honor—"for the very pigs have the freedom of the city in New York."

TRIAL OF JUDGE CONE.

The Augusta Constitutionalist contains an interesting account of the trial of Judge Cone, for his recent assault upon Mr. Stephens. As it appears, Judge Cone acted in a truly noble and honorable manner at his trial. He pleaded guilty to the indictment, said he had violated the law, and had no wish to avoid its penalties. His speech in answer to the question of the Judge, "If he had anything to say, why judgment should not be pronounced?" is represented as having been most eloquent and affecting. The account in question says:

The whole audience were bathed in tears, and many of those who had been most loud in their denunciations against him, acknowledged that their opinions were very materially changed in relation to the whole matter.

After he had concluded, that able and distinguished jurist, Judge Hill, whose head is as sound as his heart is kind and generous, proceeded, with deep feeling, to pronounce the sentence of the law. He adverted to the intimate friendship that had existed between himself and the accused for more than 20 years without being disturbed by an unkind word or feeling, to the position the accused occupied in society, his distinguished eminence as a member of the legal profession, the necessary influence of his conduct on society, and the necessity of adequate punishment for every violation of the law. He then sentenced Judge Cone to pay a fine of eight hundred dollars and cost of prosecution. On receiving the sentence, Judge Cone respectfully bowed to the Court, and immediately paid the fine and costs. Thus has terminated this case, and we believe to the general satisfaction of the thinking part of the community.

A TURKISH VESSEL.

The Turkish brig Ararat has arrived at Boston from Constantinople. The Ararat is the first Turkish vessel that ever visited that port. She is manned entirely by Turks, and is chiefly loaded with *wood.*

This bringing *wood* to Boston seems at first like carrying coals to Mauch Chunk or Pottsville; but we account for it in this way. The reputation of the Yankees as famous whittlers, has doubtless extended all over Europe. And the commander of the Turkish vessel therefore doubtless thought that he could not go amiss in carrying to Boston a load of wood. Probably he has also heard of the disproportion of the sexes in New England, and thinks he can exchange his wood for Yankee girls. A first invoice of the latter would doubtless command a high price at Constantinople; though a second lot would probably be forbidden an entrance into the Sultan's dominions.

BABY JUMPERS.

The Barre Gazette says:

An infant son of Mr. W. Howe, of Phillipston, met with almost instant death while enjoying himself in a baby jumper. The child was placed in the jumper, and, as is usual on such occasions, was highly delighted with his situation, jumping, crowing, and laughing in all the hilarity of infantile bliss, when the spiral spring above him broke, and striking him on the head, penetrated the skull, and caused almost instant death.

The baby jumpers of this section have no "spiral spring"—but are suspended by elastic straps.

A NEW TRAGEDY.

The Ledger says:

A new tragedy, written by the poet soldier, Lieut. Mayne Reid, is about to be produced, we are informed, at the Walnut St. Theatre. It is entitled "*Love's Martyr*," has been highly praised by some of our best critics, and will be cast by the entire strength of the company.

All we have to say is, that if the new play be "*cast with the entire strength of the company*," it will be apt to "go down."

ANTI-REPEAL.

An *Irish* declaration against the Repeal of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, has been presented to the Lord Lieutenant. It is signed by 80,000 persons, including 120 peers, 330 deputy-lieutenants, 1,000 magistrates, and a very large number of the clerical and medical professions.—Probably nine in ten of the whole 80,000 are either Englishmen, or the descendants of English settlers.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Louis Philippe, the Niagara Chronicle learns, has purchased Stamford Park, Upper Canada, and will shortly establish his residence there.

Better come to the United States, Louis. This country is "the home of the *oppressed.*"

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Washington College, in Washington County, Pa., is said to be fast becoming one of the most flourishing in the State. At its recent Commencement, Professor Hart, of this city, delivered the Address before the Literary Societies.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Grace says in a note that accompanies her letter, that she is "far from well." We think this must be a mistake, judging from the fine flow of life and spirits in her letter. We consider it one of her best.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM
GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Sept. 26th, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I must tell you of an excursion which I lately made with my brother, to the "Nob," a high hill, or rather young mountain, about seven miles distant from our place.

The day was one of surpassing beauty—the air genial and balmy, and the golden sunshine so deliciously soft that one might look old Sol in the eye, and nod to him as a pleasant acquaintance. It is true, Nature having lived through her first lustres, was beginning to look a little *passee.* She was no longer the gay, budding, frolicsome creature, the "gushing thing" we remembered her to have been in the days of her spring-freshness and summer-bloom; but there was about her now a ripeness, a richness, a matronly dignity, a magnificent repose, that impressed one with involuntary respect. It is true that the foliage along our way was "a *little tecked* with the frost," as the Yankee said of the ice cream; but it was all the more beautiful for that, as a fine nature becomes by the sorrows which would blight and the misfortunes which would destroy.

It was a noble country through which we passed, the hilly region, lying back from the valley of the Beaver. The soil seems very productive, and is certainly in a high state of cultivation. There were along our way, some of the loveliest situations for building I have ever seen anywhere. I never shall forget one little white cottage, nestled down in a green nook among the hills. The sweet shades of domestic happiness seemed to guard the spot, and the golden light of romance fell about it tenderly and serenely. Thoughts of "love in a cottage," sprang up with a natural spontaneity in my mind, and I began in a tone of much feeling, to recite:—

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said that if peace may be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"—

when I spied a sturdy damsel "pailing a cow," by the roadside. This unladylike occupation somewhat shocked my sensibilities, at that moment more than ordinarily high-strung,—but I said to myself that this might be a *domestic*, and looked over into the garden, to see tripping among the flowers, the delicate and white gowned mistress of that charming little house. *Flowers!* alas, there were none of those sweet superfluities of nature, those unprofitable drinkers up of the dew and sunshine—those radiant "cumberers of the ground," though there were plenty of *cucumbers*, mellowing and yellowing in the sun, and growing fat and seedy, like an old diner-out. There were no beds of violets, but the onion beds promised an abundant crop—the royal rose was wanting, but then there was no lack of that vegetable so nearly like it in shape, that it might well take its place in the boddice of a giantess—that plant dearest to Dutchmen and tailors—the cabbage.

Oh, the mysteries of domestic economy in the rural life of *romance!* There the complacent cows give down their milk to the "gentle-spiriting" of the invisible agencies, the industrious sprites and obliging fairies attendant on the snug little household of love;—from the *poetical* kitchen comes steaming in a most pleasant fragrance, not at all suggestive of onions—the *ideal* cottage has no cabbage garden.

But to return to our ride. We found the hill called the "Nob," covered with a dense, wild forest, on the sides, but with the summit nearly cleared. There was no regular path up, and I suppose none before us had ever attempted to ascend on horseback. As it was, the ground was so horribly steep, and the branches of the trees hung so low and thick, that I could only keep my place on my horse by clinging about his neck, with a most affectionate embrace—it was "neck or nothing." At last, my good steed got his nimble legs (I beg pardon, ladies,) entangled in a wild grape-vine, and came to his knees. After he had, with my humble assistance, succeeded in extricating himself, he stood stock still, with a dogged, "I-give-it-up" look. We then dismounted and did the ascent on foot, zig-zagging our course, grasping small twigs convulsively, digging sturdily into the gravel, and breathing in the high-pressure style as we neared the summit.

But when we were there—aye, when we were there! how richly, how abundantly were we repaid for all our "toil and trouble." I forgot immediately the cut on my foot from a sharp stone through my cloth-boot—the rent in my riding-habit—the dilapidation of my plume. A surpassingly magnificent scene lay around us on every side; we were on the highest ground between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, and so could see to an immense distance in every direction. I have never seen anything so grandly beautiful, with the one exception of the prospect from High Rock, at Lynn. The grand old ocean was all that was wanting to give sublimity to that vast picture, gorgeous with the perfect loveliness of the earth, and crowned with the sunset glory of an autumn heaven. I gazed and gazed, and strove earnestly to shut in upon my soul some of the splendor of that sky, and the wild magnificence of that mountain land, that they might be pleasant memories—visions of beauty and grandeur in the darkened or lonely days to come. Ah, many and many a time shall that [illegible] cottage in tranquility [illegible] and gladden

"that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

On our way home, we paid a brief visit to a camp-meeting, which was then under full headway in a pleasant wood, on the banks of the Ohio. Some one had shown fine taste in selecting the camp-ground, for we found it was indeed a most lovely and romantic spot. It was supper-time when we arrived and the ground was quite brilliantly lit up for the night. The scene was one of wild beauty and most singular for the strange contradictions and anomalies which its appearance presented. There were in the amphitheatre formed by the tents, exhorting, praying, singing, cooking, eating and maternal ministrations going on simultaneously. We had, of course, dismounted, and left our horses outside the circle, but as our costume was rather *outre* for a religious assembly, we did not approach the stand, or take a seat on one of the improvised benches, but passed under a large oak, near one line of tents, and watched the varieties of the human subject about us. There were boatmen in blue, and coal-diggers in black—and farmers in straw hats and red-flannel "warm-uses." Irishmen with their brogue, and easy swagger, and Dutchmen with their meerschaums, lighting up the green solitudes.—Then there were groups of factory-girls, and temporarily emancipated *help*, with their stylish sacks, and shawls of striking pattern—their gay bonnets over which nodded whole beds of artificial tulips, while young rose-bushes adorned the inside, and closed about the face with a mass of bloom and verdure. Back and forth, before one of the tents, strode a white-cravated preacher, striving to hush a child, which frightened by the woods, so far forgot its veneration as to cry "in meeting." At a little distance, a woman was bending over a fire, which she was kindling with sticks. That great element sometimes so strong and destructive, was here but feeble and faint, requiring a deal of patient nursing. The woman blew away bravely, but stopped every now and then, to respond to an exhortation which was going on near by. Looking round toward the tables, I saw a number of good women discussing a chicken with much apparent relish—behind them stood two fine boys, dividing the "wish-bone," and the loser hit the winner a smart blow, as naturally as though they stood on the sacred hearth-stone itself. One of the men at the table dropped a biscuit, and kicked a dog for catching it, which also looked very home-like and comfortable. An omnibus driver came strolling by, with his whip in hand, and a straw in his mouth, which he seemed to enjoy as though he were imbibing juleps therewith. Against a tree, near us, leaned a colored exquisite, puffing languidly a real *Kentucky*, the light of which relieved against the dark back-ground of his face, shone with unusual brilliancy, as

"Shines a good deed in a naughty world."

As I looked round on this picturesque scene, and marked the light and cheerful air which it presented, I could but acknowledge that to one whose heart was in it, this going a-gipsying religiously, must be a very pleasant thing—*in pleasant weather.* But unfortunately the showers which descend on the camp-ground are not all spiritual;—a cold rain-storm deluged every tent that very night, and the consequences—are they not written in the chronicles of our medical men and village-apothecaries? Heaven grant that the stone-cutter may not make of them a sterner record on his marble tablets.

We were not long on the camp-ground, yet I suppose it was rather late for lady-equestrians to be out, for a precocious lad, evidently a river-character, whom I met on the road, looked up in my face, with the enquiry—"Do you *run* all night?"

River-phrases have found their way into the dialect of the people of this region, and "the river," more than anything else, influences our social life. It is surely one serious disadvantage to us, its innumerable boats giving profitable occupation to so many servants, as cabin-maids, or stewardesses as they are called. I can give you no idea of the independence, the regal dignity of the few who occasionally deign to take service in private families. We once engaged a damsel in the capacity of housemaid, who disappointed us at the time fixed for her arrival, giving as her only reason for not honoring my mother with her assistance, that she had "*heared* Mrs. —— had two grown up *gals*, able to work themselves, that was *sassy to help.*"

You may presume from this, that we are not in very good repute with the respectable help-ocracy about here, but in fact, no one is whom they suspect of *pride*, that unpardonable sin, that capital crime west of the Alleghenies.

I love this western country for its natural beauties and the character of its society; but unless there is some change for the better in the domestic feature of which I have spoken, may kind Fortune deliver me from a life-long residence here. It is a state of things which hardens tempers and hands, destroys patience and comfort, breaks in upon habits of study and plans of pleasure to an alarming extent. *Oh, tempora, &c.* What shall be done in this dire extremity? "Ay, that's the question." As it is, western women stand a "pretty smart chance" of being domestic, and "nothing else." They have little time for books, or travel—theirs is a "home-mission," not a "foreign service." If some of your Eastern female transcendental philanthropists would condescend to the actual and "come over and help us," we, too, might visit the lions once in a while, dip into German philosophy and explore the spirit life, besides paying some attention to the question of "women's rights." Political Economy and the subject of Capital Punishment should form our recreation-reading—the light dessert after the strong meat of Emerson's poetry—the gay dance after the "gymnastic exercise" of Carlyle's Essays.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

Local Intelligence.

RIDING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed some time since a few remarks of yours, relative to the healthful exercise of riding on horseback, particularly for ladies; I heartily respond to them, fully believing that in the deficiency of out door exercise lies the great secret of their ill heath. The limits of the female portion of the community are too circumscribed, there is too much monotony in the "dull routine" of their existence; they require more stimulant of a different nature from the kind now indulged in, and decidedly more of the fresh, invigorating, bracing atmosphere of Heaven—and what plan can they adopt better adapted to their wants than an equestrian ride? whoever has participated in it can speak of the beneficial effects derived therefrom as a great promoter of health and cheerfulness. I would recommend to the ladies, if they wish to drive away "dull care," and have every nerve thrill with pleasure, every chord vibrate with buoyancy and hope, to mount their steeds and hie away, and they will find upon returning to their homes, their whole system invigorated and renewed, their spirits lightened, and they much better enabled to pass through the cares and trials of the day. Some may object to it on account of expense, but in my opinion, having once tasted of the enjoyment and exhilerating effects produced by a morning ride, they would willingly curtail the extra sum expended in dress, entertainments, &c.; and the evils which follow in their train: late hours, crowded and heated rooms, which only tend to enervate and destroy, producing lassitude and weariness, entirely unfitting them for their social and domestic duties, and the more ennobling purposes of life would in a measure be done away. I would therefore call attention to the Philadelphia Riding School, kept by Messrs. Craigs, in Fourth above Vine Street, which has passed through a thorough metamorphosis, a new and handsome building being erected on the site of the old one, with a fine, spacious, well ventilated room for riding, the walls of which are tastefully painted with well selected and familiar scenery, rendering it much more attractive, and reflecting great credit on the good taste of the proprietors. It is almost needless to refer to the kind and gentlemanly deportment of the Messrs. Craigs, the happy facility they possess for imparting instruction, their well trained horses dispelling the fears of the most timid, and the courtesy extended to visitors, whom they are always pleased to see. A PUPIL.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

Let all who desire to attend the delightful musical entertainment, given by this Society, make early application for membership, as admission can be obtained only in that way. No single tickets will be sold. We understand that the Managers are making more than ordinary exertions to render the Concerts of the coming season in every way attractive.

The first Concert will take place on Tuesday, October 17th. See advertisement.

MEETING OF WOMEN.

A public meeting of the Rosine Association, for the Reformation, Employment and Instruction of Females who have led immoral lives, will be held at the Lecture Room of the Museum Building, (entrance on George Street,) on Seventh day, (Saturday,) October 7th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to which women of all denominations are invited.—Subjects of great and universal interest will be laid before the meeting.

CHESTER COUNTY BANK.

The trial of three men named Pratt, McGowan, and Pence, is now proceeding before the Criminal Court, on a charge of conspiring to pass the stolen notes of the Chester County Bank. McGowan was at one time a chief officer of the Moyamensing police. The trial has created considerable excitement.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN BIDDLE.

Capt. James Biddle, of the Navy, recently returned from the command of the Pacific Station, died in this city on Sunday night last. Captain Biddle was a native of this city, where he always resided when not actively employed in the service.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, September 30, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Superfine Flour was somewhat unsettled early in the week, chiefly in consequence of the tenor of the Acadia's advices, but with continued light receipts, prices are rather firmer at the close. The week's sales amounting to near 6,000 bbls at $5,25a5,50 for common brands Pennsylvania, mostly at the latter rate, and $5,37½ for Western. Sales for city consumption at $5,75a6,50 for common to choice and extra brands. Rye Flour is in limited demand at $4,12½ per barrel, with small sales. Supplies of Corn Meal continue limited, and we have only to note the sales of 3,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,91¼a3, with some Brandywine at $3,12½ per bbl.

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been only to a moderate extent, with a corresponding demand—Sales of about 20,000 bushels at $1,10a1,16 for inferior to prime Southern and Pennsylvania red, and $1,20a1,23 for white, per bushel. Rye is scarce, with small sales at 69a70c. Corn has been in good demand, and prices have advanced 6a8c—sales having been made at 60a63c early in the week, and since at 65, 67, and 69a70c for flat and round yellow—week's sales 60,000 bushels. Oats have been in request, and nearly 16,000 bushel sold at 30a33c for Southern, and 35a37 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $11,50a12, and Prime at $9,50 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $12,50a13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 5a6¼c; Sides at 5a5½, and Shoulders at 4a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8½ cts, with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7½a8c per lb.

BARK.—The stock of Quercitron is materially reduced, and prices are firm at $26,50a27 per ton for 1st quality No. 1.

BEESWAX.—The market continues very dull.

BREAD.—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4½a4¾, Navy at 3a3½, and Crackers at 5c per lb.

CANDLES.—Moderate sales of Sperm at 30a32 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COAL.—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have not varied. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 15a16 cts per bushel.

COFFEE.—The demand continues to a fair extent, but the market is nearly bare, and prices tend upward—sales of 1,300 bags Rio and Laguayra sold at 6½a6¾c 4 mos. A cargo of Puerto Cabello arrived to-day, but is not yet landed.

COTTON.—The market has been very quiet this week, and the transactions only sum up 675 bales, including Upland, N. Orleans and Tennessee, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling,	6 a 6½	6 a 6½
Middling Fair,	6½ a 6¾	6½ a 7¼
Fair,	7¼ a 7½	7½ a 7¾

DOMESTIC GOODS.—A fair amount of business is going forward, for the near trade, without change in prices.

FEATHERS.—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 20,000 lbs good Western at 32a36c per lb.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with increased receipts. Steady sales of No. 1 at $9a9,50, No. 2 at $7,75a8,25, and No. 3 at $3,50a4.

FRUIT.—At New York this morning, a cargo of Malaga, the first of the season, was sold as follows:—Bunch Raisins—500 boxes at $2,05; 400 do $2,62½; 4,270 do $2; 346 do $1,18; 100 qr do 67, cash and 60 days.

GUANO.—Steady sales at $45a48 per ton.

GINSENG.—Further sales of 1,300 lbs Crude at 39c per lb.

HEMP.—The market is nearly bare of American, and prices tend upward.

HIDES.—No sales this week.

IRON.—There has been an increased demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and 1a800 tons sold at $22,50a25 for Anthracite, and $26a28 for Charcoal Iron. In other descriptions not much doing.

LATHS.—Cargo sales of 500,000 Eastern at $1,15a1,25 per M.

LEAD.—We note sales of 1,300 pigs at 4 7-16a4½c, cash.

LUMBER.—The demand is to a fair extent, without change in prices. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 23d ult. were

	Feet.
	1,060,575
Previously this season,	19,729,292
Total,	20,790,867

MOLASSES.—The market is poorly supplied, and the sales show an advance—about 450 hhds Cuba sold at 22a24c for Cienfuegos and Trinidad, and 380 bbls New Orleans at 28c, all 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—The supplies generally of articles under this head are light, and prices steady. Sales of 1,700 bbls Rosin sold at $1 for common, and $1,75a2,50 for Nos. 2 and 1. In Tar and Pitch no sales. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand has again been good, and sales to some extent have been made at 43a45 cts.

OILS.—The demand for Linseed is quite limited, at 59a61c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at 33a35c. Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

PLASTER.—Further cargo sales at $2,37½a2,50 per ton—closing firm at the highest price.

RICE.—The stock is greatly reduced—sales of 300 casks at 4¼a4½c.

SALT.—A cargo of 4,000 bushels Turk's Island sold on private terms.

SEEDS.—Good Cloverseed is scarce, and prices steady at $3,75a4 per bushel, with small sales. Flaxseed is dull at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES.—A sale of 200 bags Sumatra Pepper at 5½a5½c, and some Nutmegs at $1,15 per lb.

SUGARS.—The demand continues to a fair extent, and the recent large sales having materially reduced the stock of Muscovado, prices still tend upward. Sales of 1,280 hhds New Orleans at 4½a5½c; and about 1,200 boxes Havana and Matanzas at 4¾a5½ for brown and yellow, and 7a7½c for white, all 4 mos, with 400 hhds Porto Rico, and 1,500 bbls and bags Brazil on private terms.

TEAS.—A limited business is going forward at previous prices.

TOBACCO.—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

WOOL.—The demand is still limited, and prices are unchanged.—*Bick. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	104½	105	Penna Bk	251½	255
" '62	104½	105½	Philadelphia	116½	117½
" '67	104	104½	Far & Mec	53	53½
" '68	104½	104½	Commercial	50	51½
" 5s '53	93	94	N Liberty	41	44
" 5s '51	92	94	Mechanics'	25	25½
War Bty scr	97	98	P Township	26	27
U S Tr N 6s	102½	103	Girard	10	10½
Philada 6s	99½	100	Western	47	50
" 5s	85	86	Man & Mechs	23	23½
County 6s	95	96	Bk of Com	50	51
" 5s	83	84	Camden	31	33
Penna 6s	84	84½	Germantown	43	46
" 5s	73¼	73½	Miners', Potts	39	—
Kentucky 6s	96½	97	Trenton BkgCo	20	—
Tennessee 5s	75¼	76	Pittsburg Bank	43	45
Cincinnati 6s	88	89½	M & M, Pitts	42½	43
" WW	90	91	Exchange, Pitts	42½	43
Texas T Notes	—	10	Com, Cincin	25	—
Texas bds 8s	—	15	Louisville, Ky	80	—
Schuyl N 6s '68	35	35½	Kentucky Bk	91½	92½
" '65	35	35½	Northern	99	100½
" 5s	—	51	Union, Tenn	43½	46
" Int	70	70½	Planters, Tenn	42½	44
Lehigh N 6s	53	53½	Vicksburg	11	11½
" Int loan	52	54	Schuyl Nav	9½	9¾
" Mort 6s	80	—	Lehigh Nav	23	25
" Cl Scrip	82	82½	C & Del Cl	55	60
C & Del Cl 6s	80	80½	Morris Cl	8½	9
C & Am R 6s	94	96	Union Cl	8½	9
Bea Mdw R 6s	69	70	Cam & Am R	126	130
Susqueh Cl 6s	47	50	Penna R	8½	9
Norrist'n R 6s	64	70	Susqueh Cl	10	—
Harrisburg R 6s	82	83	Norristown R	11½	11¾
Wil R 6s	78	78½	Harrisburg R	33	35
Read R 6s '50	55	55½	Wilmington R	20½	22
" Mort 6s	60	61½	Reading R	15½	15½
U S Bk Notes	87	90	N Liberty Gas	21½	25
U S Bk Shares	2½	3¼	Flem Copper	3½	3¾
N Amer Bk	116	117	N J Copper	1½	1¾

Ledger.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 2d.—The offerings of Beef cattle for the week were about 1,360 head, which were sold at prices varying from $6 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 400 disposed of from $5 to 5,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 in the market, selling as follows—from $25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—At market, 2,200 Beef Cattle, 4,200 Sheep and Lambs. Beef Cattle—The number of Cattle at market last week exceeded that offered for many months past. Prices have given way as low as $5, and from that to $6,75 per cwt. There was a tolerably good demand, 150 head driven to Boston, quite a number left over. Sales of Sheep at from $1,25 to 3,75a4,25. Lambs. 87½a$2,75; 260 unsold.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 28.—Beef Cattle—There were 1,500 head offered at the scales on Monday, and 800 of them sold at $4a2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4a5,25 nett, and averaging about $2,40 gross. Of the above, 630 head were driven to Philadelphia, and 64 left over unsold. Sales of a few lots have since been made at corresponding prices. Hogs—There is a good supply at $5,25 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 30.

ASHES—Only small sales were reported; in the aggregate, perhaps, 50 to 100 bbls, including Pots at $6,12½, and Pearls at $6,12a6,18¾; some holders of the latter demanded $6,25.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales footed up 12 to 15,000 bbls, including 8,000 for export this State, straight brands Genesee, &c, at $5,62½. In the forenoon some sales of Oswego, &c, were made at $5,56¼; during 'Change, however, a better feeling prevailed, and the remainder of the sales in the total above stated, including this State, Genesee, Oswego, &c, were made at $5,62½, which was 6¼c per bbl advance, and at which the market closed firm. Southern was also held at firmer rates, and 460 bbls Brandywine were sold at $5,75. Wheat—Sales of a few thousand bushels of Genesee were reported on private terms. For a lot of handsome white, 120c was offered.

CORN—The sales for the day reached about 35,000 bushels, consisting chiefly of flat yellow and high mixed at 70c. Among the lots reported was 7,000 high mixed, on ship board, freight previously engaged at at 7d, at 70c, and 15a20,000 do do, and flat yellow in store, at the same price. For round yellow 80c was demanded, while buyers offered only 73a76c. 10,000 bushels Western mixed, &c, sold to arrive in October, on private terms. Some lots of flat yellow and high mixed on the spot were reported sold as high as 71a72c. No sale of sound common mixed was reported. 4,800 Virginia, slightly affected by weevil, sold at 68c. Meal—No sales were reported, and prices were uncertain. Rye—Sales of 5,000 bushels were made at 70c. No sales of Rye Flour were reported. Sales of a cargo or two of Oats were reported at 34 cts for canal.

PROVISIONS—Pork continued firm. There were sellers of mess at $13,12½, and of prime at $10,12½; and buyers at $13 and 10, while $13,25 was offered for mess and refused. No sales worth notice were reported. 100 bbls pickled hams sold at 8c. Lard was dull, and prices unsettled. There were no buyers on 'Change, at the higher figures current before the news; though a sale was reported, at a fraction higher. Cheese—Sales of 600 boxes were made at 7a7½c. Butter—No change.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot of Saturday says:—"There is no change to note since last week. Small lots of good qualities are selling at and within the range of quotations. There has been a good inquiry for Kentucky, and a number of hhds have been sold. We continue the quotations as follows, viz:—Maryland, $2,00a3 for inferior and common; $3a3,75 for good common; $4a6 for good; $6a13 for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3a3,50; good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a13. The inspections of the week are 1,063 hhds, including 981 Maryland, 35 Ohio, 45 Kentucky, and 2 Pennsylvania."

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848.

CRIME AND CRUELTY.

What a whole volume of probable crime and cruelty does the following short article from the "Poughkeepsie Telegraph," open to the view of the thoughtful mind:

A most melancholy death occurred at the County House the other day, caused by starvation. A man and woman left a little girl, whom they represented as their daughter, with a family residing near Peekville, in the town of Fishkill, last summer, promising to call for her in a few days. She remained there some weeks, and the individuals who left her were not heard from. The family with whom she was left, thinking that she would never be called for, used her in a most cruel and inhuman manner, depriving her of food and clothing, until she finally resolved to escape and attempt to find her friends; and accordingly wandered off alone, and was lost in the woods of Fishkill Mountains. She remained there eight or ten days, subsisting on berries, nuts, etc., but was at length discovered and carried to the County House; she was a mere skeleton, and was so exhausted that she must have died in a few hours. Every attention was paid to her, but it did not avail, and death came and put an end to her sufferings, and the little starved girl was committed to the tomb.

Poor ill-used child! Happier art thou now in His arms who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," than thou ever couldst be on this cruel earth—happier than they ever can be who have so cruelly deserted thee, or they who would not accept the charge of the orphan and friendless! But God's mercy, and His judgments also, are over all.

ENGLISH MARKETS.

The following statement of the Liverpool markets, was brought by the America.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—All kinds of foreign wheat has declined 1d. to 2d. per bushel. United States and Canadian sweet flour is 33 to 34s. per barrel. Several parcels Indian Corn sold for Ireland at a reduction of 1 to 2s. per quarter, sales being made at 35s 6d. to 36s. for 480 lbs.

The full value of American white and yellow Indian Meal at 6d. per barrel lower.

COTTON MARKET.—Fair quality quoted the same as last week. Uplands at 4¼, and Orleans 4½. Considerable quantities under that class are quoted at ⅛ less than last fortnight. There is a general dullness throughout the whole country. Sales of the week, 28,920 bales. Taken for speculation 1,300 American; 5,750 American, 100 Surat, 400 Pernam, 150 Bengal for export.

RICE.—Importers anxious to sell; the recent arrivals of a lot of Carolina, brought 23 to 24s. per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Are in less demand, and the trade is languid. A decline of 6d. to 1s. in bacon. No change in shoulders, they are wanted, there being none in market. Beef, no change. The late advance in pork has checked the demand, and the prices are much below those current at last advices. American prime Mess, new, 40s. to 50s.; old, 40s. to 48s. Lard, leaf, in barrel, 42s. to 43; in kegs, 44a45s.

NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine is without alteration. American Rosin in good demand. The last sales were at 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

The steam propeller Goliath, is believed to have taken fire and blown up recently on Lake Huron. She had a large quantity of gunpowder on board, (about 200 kegs,) intended to be used in mining operations. There were about twenty persons on board, and all are supposed to have perished.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 138—adults 60, and children 78.

General News.

NEW YORK EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

This body closed its deliberations on Friday of last week. It had been expected that protracted debates would have arisen on several important topics, such as Bishop Onderdonk's case, and the St. Philips' (colored) Church case. But the expedition with which the business of the house was accomplished, brought their labors to a close after a session of only three days. On the important subject touching the qualifications of lay members of Conventions, Dr. Vinton's resolution is approved, by the next Convention, no lay delegates can be admitted thereafter, except such as are actually communicants in the Church.

In reference to the case of Bishop Onderdonk, it was, after considerable debate, resolved that the Trustees of the Episcopal Fund be directed to pay to the Right Rev. Bishop T. Onderdonk, D.D., out of the income of the said fund, (excepting the portion set apart for accumulation,) the sum of $2,500 annually, until the further order of this Convention; to take effect from the first day of the sitting of this body.

Rev. Dr. Sherwood, of Hyde Park, offered a resolution to the effect that the Diocese of New York call upon the House of Bishops to terminate the suspension of Bishop O., or if they were not ready to do this, asking them to state when they would terminate said suspension. This created some little stir, but was finally referred to the next Convention, and after the usual exercises the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTY TREES.—A correspondent informs us that there is now standing in the yard of the house of Jane Latch, at "Rose Hill," Lower Merion, a chesnut tree that measures thirty-four feet seven inches around, three feet from the ground, and still looks thrifty and likely to make a fine large tree some day, to work up into fence posts. In Byberry is an elm tree on the premises of John Carver, which now measures twenty feet around, stump high from the ground. There is also a weeping willow at "Wind Hall," in Byberry, which has grown from a limb set in 1836, which now measures six feet nine inches around the trunk. The rapidity of the growth of the weeping willow is very remarkable, and a more beautiful tree is nowhere. It is the first to put forth its leaves in the spring, and the last to shed them in the fall.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

NEW USE OF CHLOROFORM.—The Savans of Paris have been invited to witness and judge of a new machine invented by the Minister of Marine, in which *Chloroform* is applied as a *motive power*. The experiment was judged to be completely successful. It is supposed that this invention will enable sea vessels to take the longest voyages, not impeded by the necessity of loading themselves down with fuel. Isn't this queer, that what stupefies an animal will wake up a machine?

THE CHOLERA.—It is contended in England that the Cholera does not attack persons who live near breweries or mineral springs, in consequence of the counter influence of carbonic acid gas evolved there. All the watering places with springs that emit this gas escaped the pestilence, in Germany, Spain and England. Balston and Saratoga, it is said, also escaped. If this be true, will not the watering places be patronised next summer?

DEATH OF MRS. MAFFIT.—Mrs. Maffit, wife of Rev. John Newland Maffit, from whom, however, she has been separated for about two years, died at Brooklyn on Tuesday evening. From an Arkansas paper, we learn that Mr. Maffit was at Pine Bluffs, in that State, on the 7th of September, and a card from the citizens of that place is published complimenting him for his successful labors "in producing a wonderful revival in religion."

SUPERSTITION.—An ass, in a rabid state, attacked a woman at Marloes, near Carmarthen, Wales, and held on to her arm with the tenacity of a bull-dog. It was necessary to open his jaws with a lever before the woman could be released. The superstitious peasantry took the woman to St. Edwin's church-yard, to eat the grass growing there, which they believe to be an antidote to hydrophobia.

QUACK MEDICINES.—"Numerous as are these patent medicines," says a late London Magazine, "they are, in fact, almost identical in composition. They are simply purgative pills, very analogous to the colocynth or compound rhubarb pill of the druggists' shops. Now purgative medicine is sometimes useful, and sometimes injurious. Any person, then, taking these pills at random is a fool."

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.—The Hungarians, in addition to the plague of war and sickness, are now visited with the plague of locusts threatening them with that of famine. The Argum Gazette states that swarms of locusts have passed over the frontiers from Turkey, and that they are committing frightful ravages in numerous places.

DELECTABLE CASE.—Mrs. Sarah Campbell has recovered fifteen hundred dollars from Samuel Ringgold, of Kent county, Maryland, for breach of marriage promise. Samuel, who is seventy-five years of age, had the pleasure of hearing his love letters read in Court. They were very rich, amatory and amusing.

WOOL.—Samuel Lawrence, a very large dealer in wool, says that within 25 years we shall produce a greater quantity than any other nation in the world, and says further that there is not now enough annually raised in this country, by 100,000,000 lbs., to meet the demand of the manufactures.

PHILADELPHIA TO CHARLESTON.—The Wilmington and Raleigh (N. C.) Railroad Company, in connection with the Companies as far North as Philadelphia, have made a *through ticket* between Charleston and this city, at seventeen dollars each way.

MAILS LOST.—The mails made up at St. Louis Post Office, for Baltimore and Philadelphia, and part of that for New York, on the 29th August, have been lost. They contained remittances of money, checks, &c.

☞ A cargo of apples and pears arrived in London from the Cape of Good Hope. It was the first importation from such a distance, and excited a good deal of attention.

New Publications.

THE JOHN DONKEY. This week's number of the Donkey, so far as the letter press is concerned, is one of the best we have seen. The engravings are fair. We cut the following from its pages:

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions last week, an attorney, desirous of eliciting sympathy for his client, who was on his trial for assault and battery, called him up before the Court, and asked him *was he a man of family*. "Lod bless yoush soul, marster, no," replied the unfortunate defendant, "I is nuffin more dan a poor nigga what earns his livin' in de carpenter bisness—dat is—I cuts and piles the wood."

AN UNSAFE INVESTMENT.

"Did thee receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat—thy present one is rather fragile."

"Why—the fact is—that—I left all my money—in bank at New Orleans."

"Ah—thy economy is certainly commendable. In what bank?"

"I don't exactly remember what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a Scripture name. It was—um! let me see—it was the Pharaoh bank, I think."

EVERY SAILOR HIS OWN LAWYER. *By J. R. Butts, compiler of "The Business Man's Assistant," &c.* This is a little volume containing "The Rights of Seamen," "The Coaster's and Fisherman's Guide," and "Master's and Mate's Manual," including the Passenger Laws of 1819, '47 and '48. We approve of the publication of such volumes, giving information to all parties concerned as to the strict legal rights of both sailors and captains, if great care is exercised in their compilation. In relation to other points interesting to the masters of vessels, &c., this book contains a great deal of information. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Phila.*

AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *By William Grimshaw, author of Histories of the United States, England, &c.* This Dictionary contains the radicals and definitions of words, derived from the Greek, Latin and French languages; and all the generally used and polite phrases adopted from the French and Latin. It is designed chiefly as a book of reference for professional men, in explaining words and phrases, the origin of which requires much historical and philosophical research. Also adapted to be used as a class book in academies. Published by *Grigg, Elliot & Co., Phila.*

THE WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER. We have received the October number of the Messenger, published at Buffalo, N. Y. It contains full proceedings of the New York State Fair and of the Pomological Convention, recently held in that city.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE. The October number of this magazine contains its usual variety of engravings, tales, biographies, &c.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of this excellent periodical is for sale by *G. B. Zieber, Ledger Building.*

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

A plurality elects the Presidential Electoral ticket in Maine. The ticket having the highest number of votes will therefore be successful, without the intervention of the Legislature.

The Anti-Rent State Convention, in New York, have nominated Senator Dix as their candidate for Governor; Patterson for Lieut. Governor; Wheaton for Canal Commissioner; and Wells for State Prison Inspector.

Horace Greeley has come out for Taylor and Fillmore, and his paper, the New York Tribune has run up the Taylor flag. Horace says, he trusts the day is not distant when an amendment of the Federal Constitution will give the appointment of Postmasters and other local officers to the People, and strip the President of the enormous and anti-republican patronage which now causes the whole political action of the country to hinge upon its Presidential Elections. We trust so, too.

Gen. Taylor is still annoyed with letters from every part of the country, putting questions. He received forty in one day.

David Paul Brown, Esq., has received the nomination of a mass meeting, held in Southwark, as the Independent Rough and Ready candidate for Congress from the First District of Penn.

Governor Johnson has determined to call an extra session of the Legislature of South Carolina, in order to enable that State to cast her vote for Electors of President and Vice President.

The Free Soil dinner, to be given at Gainesville, Alabama, to which John Van Buren was invited was a hoax played off upon that gentleman.

DAY OF THE ELECTION.

The following act of Congress directs the day on which the Presidential election is to be made. Of course, it takes place on the 7th of November:

An Act to establish a uniform time for holding elections for electors of President and Vice President in all the States of the Union.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the electors of President and Vice President shall be appointed in each State on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in the month of November of the year in which they are to be appointed. Provided, That each State may by law provide for the filling of any vacancy or vacancies which may occur in its college of electors when such college meets to give its electoral vote. And provided also, When any State shall have held an election for the purpose of choosing electors, and shall fail to make a choice on the day aforesaid, then the electors may be appointed on a subsequent day, in such manner as the State shall by law provide.

JOHN W. JONES,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
WILLIE P. MANGUM,
President of the Senate *pro tempore.*
Approved, January 23, 1845. JOHN TYLER.

MRS. GEN. TAYLOR.—According to a correspondent of the New Haven Palladium, who recently visited the General and his family at Baton Rouge, Mrs. Taylor is a plain, agreeable lady, but apparently of rather delicate health. She is quite averse to going to the "White House," and says *she hopes the General will be defeated yet.* His daughter Betty is a very pretty, interesting young lady.

Miscellaneous.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

BY AN OLD ONE.

A BROKER'S FRIENDSHIP, &c.—The most astonishing and disinterested friendship is sometimes exhibited in Wall Street. This usually occurs when a *bull* or a *bear*, for certain reasons, determines to change, or play a double game; and it makes little difference to them who is the tool or victim. While upon this subject, we will give a little story, by way of illustration.

A certain broker, in Wall Street, had a favorite clerk, a young man of intelligence, tact, and the strictest probity; but, for some trifling cause, in which the clerk was in nowise to blame, he was turned off. The young man's prospects were considerably injured thereby, as his employer was in very fair standing in the street, and he found it next to impossible to obtain a permanent situation; so, having a little money, he took to business in a small way for himself. As his operations were generally of a safe character, he was getting on very well, when, one morning he received a call from his old employer, who very frankly proposed a reconciliation, professing to have seen his error. This was, of course, exceedingly gratifying to the young man, who gladly acceded to the proposal, and forgave the injustice. The broker then entered somewhat into the affairs of his young friend, gave him much sound advice, and told him, when he needed any assistance to call upon him for it, which was very pleasant in its way to the young clerk.

The next day, as the latter passed along Wall Street, he met the broker, who, accosting him familiarly, asked—

"By the way, William, are you aware that the stock of ——— Company is advancing rapidly?"

"Yes, sir, so I hear; the buyers will make a pretty thing of it. You are one of them, I believe."

"Why, yes, I have gone into it a little; but it is a pity you do not avail yourself of so fair an opportunity."

"I have not the means to do any thing of consequence," was the reply.

"How much have you on hand?"

"Not over a thousand dollars."

"Well, I will lend you two thousand. Buy on time; say, thirty days. Make a judicious call, and sell before it obtains its highest limit."

"But, sir; if it should decline?"

Hardly possible, for some time. It is bound to go up, up, yet awhile. But, come, let us see; two and one is three thousand. I suppose a deposit of ten per cent. will be called for. That makes three hundred shares. You had better employ L——— & S——— as your brokers, to buy for you."

"But, in a case of a decline, sir?"

"I shall not be hard on you; I have done you injustice, and wish you to prosper, now that I am aware of it. Call when you please for the money. I think you had better purchase of N———, who is good for his contract."

This kind offer was, of course, joyfully accepted, and the clerk hastened to the brokers indicated, who, having heard of his reconciliation with his former employer, supposed at once that he had some connection with the purchase, and agreed at once to undertake it; requiring only a deposit of ten per cent. Accordingly, the money was drawn and deposited, the purchase made, and contracts passed.

There is another feature of this buying on time which we must describe. As there are many persons who lack either the honor or the ability to fulfill their contracts when they loose by the operation, it is customary, when one whose responsibility is not known, offers to buy, that he is bound to mention, if required, some respectable broker, who will be responsible for his contract; thus it has become usual for "outsiders," when they operate, to employ a broker to buy or sell who becomes responsible for the fulfilment of their contract, as we have said.

Therefore, it will be understood, that when the clerk deposited his three thousand dollars with Messrs. L——— & S——— they agreed, by accepting the commission, to stand in this position to the seller.

Now, by the result of this transaction, it will be seen to have been one of the most consummate, yet best-planned pieces of hypocrisy, villainy and fraud, the sharpened intellect, and blunted conscience of a Wall Street broker ever devised. The truth was, this generous broker had been operating for a rise, or in other phrase was a bull, and found that a decline was inevitable. He then endeavored to save himself, and his device, heartless as it was, will become apparent, when it is known that the three hundred shares sold to the young clerk, belonged to his employer himself, who sold it through a confidential agent, and that, in less than ten days after the sale, this very stock fell *thirty per cent!* The result was that the young clerk was ruined, and the broker got back his two thousand, with the poor youth's one thousand. This was but a small matter, however; he had, as we have said, the brokers, Messrs. L——— & S——— as security on the contract, out of whom he made at the following rate, thirty shares of a hundred, thirty thousand dollars, on which thirty per cent., minus the three thousand dollars they had received, is six thousand dollars; add to the poor deluded clerk's one thousand, and the whole transaction was worth to him *seven thousand dollars!* Quite a speculation indeed—money enough to outweigh the consciences of all the tricky stock-jobbers in Wall Street.

Let no one be surprised at the rapidity with which a peculiar kind of stock will rise or fall; for it must be recollected that we have explained that in stock jobbing operations the actual value of the stocks operated on has nothing to do with its rise or fall; this depends altogether upon the money or talent employed on either side, and as that preponderates so fluctuates the market value. Now, as we intend our remarks for the practical benefit of our citizens, we must expose another danger which those run who meddle in stock jobbing, without being fully up to all its tricks and manœuvres; and the name of these are legion; for it seems as if chance held a magic influence over the human mind; those who shudder at the thought of visiting a race course, or a card table, will often indulge in the covert sin of buying a lottery ticket; and those whose scruples will not even stoop to this disguised vice, resort to speculation in stocks, as though all such operations, where mere chance was the arbiter of profit or loss, was not equally *gambling*. The danger to which we allude is simply this: all "outsiders," by whom we mean those who dabble in stocks through their agents, without any personal operations, and all small fry, that is, those who have no control over the operation, but who follow the lead of the *bulls* or *bears*, as blindly as a flock of sheep do their bell-wether, all are considered legitimate *prey*, and are sacrificed without compunction whenever some master operator finds himself in a tight place. For the *small fry* we have but little compassion. They are the jackals who fatten upon the offal when the lion is gorged, and only lack the ability and means to be as merciless as their superiors, and are contemptible where the others are despicable. But for the unsuspecting, who enter in good faith a transaction, to which they are tempted by the prospect of what they deem to be legitimate gains, we have some pity, and therefore we have endeavored to expose the hidden snares to which they are liable. This operation of drawing in the *small fry* deserves an illustration, and luckily we have a case in point, of the same nature in general, and somewhat different in particulars, from those we have related.

A certain distinguished broker of Wall Street was applied to for a loan upon a particular stock which he granted at ninety days; the amount being the market value thereof, less one-third. Being by preference a *bear* in his operations, and believing that the borrower would be obliged to sell the stock for what it was worth, to pay the loan when it was due, he immediately sold out, and operated for a fall. For once he calculated without his usual sagacity, or *luck*, as it may be. It is true the person who obtained the loan was notorious for his want of cash, but in this instance he was only the agent of others, who had laid a trap by getting possession of this stock, and hypothecating it to the broker, with the expectation of his doing exactly what he did, and who were themselves the purchasers of their own stock, calculating thereby to make the broker pay them their own price, when he was called on to return it. It happened, however, that they gave him an indication of their game by sending an agent to redeem the stock before the loan was due. This was enough for the astute broker; he smelt the trap; so, quietly declining the proposition, he determined to save himself by the usual resort, drawing in the *small fry*. These gentry, as we have said, have no rule of action except to follow the lead of the *bulls* or *bears*, and, as the broker was a beacon star in their eyes, he had only to indicate a course to them, which he did, by continuing to *operate visibly* for a fall. They followed, of course, while he, through his confidential agents, became the purchaser of all they sold. Thus, by the time his loan became due he had the stock to return, and secured also a neat little sum, as profits on the transaction from those whom he *victimized*, while they thought they were operating with him.

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAM VOYAGE.

The Newark Advertiser says two Jerseymen are entitled to the credit of having constructed the first steam engine that ever propelled a vessel across the Atlantic—Stephen Vail, of Morristown, and the late Daniel Dod, the brother of Stephen Dod, Esq. The vessel for which they built the engine was the Atlantic steamship Savannah, built in New York in the year 1818, by Fitchet & Crochet, under the direction of Capt. Moses Rogers, subsequently her commander. On the 29th of March, 1819, she sailed from New York to Savannah, Georgia, (where the ship was owned.) After a short stay at the latter place, she proceeded to Charleston, S. C., to take the President, James Monroe, to Savannah—whence (after these successful experiments,) she sailed on the 25th of May, same year, direct for Liverpool, a full rigged ship of 350 tons burthen, with a low pressure engine of 80 or 90 horse power. She proved a fast sailer, and by the power of her engine alone she would make eight knots per hour. After a most successful passage of 22 days, 14 of which her engine was used, she arrived at Liverpool.

Before crossing the bar, however, an amusing incident took place, which may be worthy of narration here. The ship was discovered from the telegraphic station at Cape Clear, (the Southern part of Ireland,) and reported as a *ship on fire*.—The admiral who lay at the Cove of Cork, despatched one of the King's cutters to *her relief*—but great was their wonder at their total inability, with all sail, in a fast vessel, to come up with a ship *under bare poles*. After several shots were fired from the cutter, the engine was stopped; and the surprise of the crew at their mistake, as well as their curiosity to see the singular Yankee craft, can readily be imagined. They at once asked permission to come on board, and were much gratified by a close inspection of the naval novelty.

On approaching Liverpool hundreds of people came off in boats to meet her. She was compelled, however, to remain *outside* until the tide should serve for her to go over the bar. During this time the steamer had all her colors flying; when a boat from a British sloop-of-war came alongside and hailed. The "sailing master" was on deck at the time, and promptly answered the officer of the boat. The question was asked, "*Where is your master, sir?*" To which the laconic reply was soon given, "*I have no master, sir.*" "Where is your Captain, then, sir?" "He is below, sir." "I wish to see him, sir." The Captain then made his appearance on deck, and wished to know what was wanted. To which the officer replied, "why do you wear that pennant, sir?" "Because my country allows me to do so, sir," was the spicy answer of the Yankee Captain. "*My* commander," replied the officer, "thinks it was done to insult him, sir; and if you dont take it down, he will send a force that *will* do it." Captain Rogers, without replying to the threat, ordered the engineer "to get ready the *hot-water engine* right away." Now, although there was no such machine on board the ship the order had the desired effect, and "John Bull" was glad to "evacuate" as fast as possible.

On approaching the city, the shipping, piers and roofs of houses were thronged with an excited populace, cheering the *adventurous craft*. During her stay at Liverpool, naval officers, and noblemen, and merchants from London, came down to visit her, and were singularly curious to ascertain her speed, destination, &c. As it will be remembered, this was soon after Jerome Bonaparte had offered a large reward to any one who would succeed in rescuing his brother Napoleon, then at St. Helena, this was the *suspected design* of the Savannah's visit. After a stay of 28 days in Liverpool, during which time the ship was visited by thousands of people of rank, and her officers the while treated with marked attention, she left for Copenhagen, Denmark.

☞ At a Temperance Meeting in Providence, R. I., a committee was appointed to wait on the clergy of that city and request them to *sign the pledge!*

☞ There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds—one smooth, the other very rough.

FROM THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

A YOUTH VICTIMIZED BY GAMBLING.

BY J. H. GREEN.

In the year 1840, in company with several others of the gambling fraternity, I took passage at Louisville, Kentucky, on board a steamer bound to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers, but there seemed to be very few that gave promise of being profitable to me or my companions. It was therefore determined that seven out of the party should return, and await the departure of another steamer. I went to the hurricane deck to observe their departure. As the boat left the steamer, I discovered a very young man anxiously gazing upon the party in the boat. He maintained this position till the boat returned to the steamer, when, turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "I am ruined! I am lost!" and hastened into the cabin, wholly unconscious of observation. I followed him into the cabin, and renewed my observations. He was apparently about eighteen years of age. His countenance was pleasant, and his features delicate. As he abstractedly walked backward and forward in the cabin, agony was depicted on his countenance, in marks too decided to be mistaken.

I approached and addressed him as follows:—"Are you bound for the South?" He replied, "I do not know where I am bound," and turning away from me, resumed his walk.

I approached him a second time, and remarked that he appeared to be in ill health. "I am, sir—I am *sick*," he replied, turning upon his heel, and walking into the state room. In a few moments he approached me, and said it was strictly true that he did not know where he was going; and if I would hear him, he would give me a full account of his troubles, and his reason for answering me in the manner he had. We sat down, and he gave me the following narrative:

"I am a native of one of the Eastern States; my parents now reside in an Eastern city. I have a sister residing in Louisville, Kentucky, whom I have never seen. She married and removed to Louisville, before my birth. Her husband died a few months since. Shortly after her husband's death, my sister wrote to her father, requesting him to send her eldest brother to live with her.

"The request was granted, and he fitted for the journey. Before his departure, his parents gave him strict caution concerning the vices of the day. He received sufficient money for the expenses of his journey, and permission to spend a few days in any of the larger cities on his route.

"His first delay was in Philadelphia, where he spent some ten days, during which time he formed some very pleasant acquaintances, among whom were two of those gamblers who but now left the steamer. Shortly after his acquaintance with these persons, he was invited to a card party, where whist was the game introduced. This was a game taught him by his parents, and *their strict cautions* had not interdicted it. He was induced to make the small bet of twenty-five cents a corner during the evening. The party had several similar meetings. At the latter of these meetings he made known his intentions of leaving the next morning. The two persons before referred to, immediately proposed to accompany him if he would remain one day more. He readily acceded to their proposal. On the day appointed, they left by way of Pittsburg, and by canal. They had scarcely left, when cards were introduced; they played for small stakes, until he found himself minus some twenty-five dollars. He became excited, and enlarged his bets, with a hope to regain what he had lost. He continued to lose, and on his arrival at Pittsburg, had barely sufficient money left to pay his passage to his destination. He paid his fare immediately on going on board for Louisville, and the boat had scarcely left the wharf, when the two gamblers proposed a game, that he might make himself *whole*. When they found he had no money, they proposed to stake money against his watch; still hoping, he again played, losing his watch. His breast-pin, rings, etc., were disposed of in the same manner. Becoming desperate, he sought his trunk, where he had a package in charge to carry to his sister. He forced open the casket, which contained a bracelet, with a beautiful gold chain, sent as a present by the mother to her daughter. He discovered an unsealed letter, which contained a hundred-dollar bank note. The letter was from his father to his sister, directing her to give the money to the brother when she should deem it proper to do so. He seized upon the note, and soon the gamblers fleeced him of that. He again resorted to the casket, and lost the jewelry it contained. Desperate in every respect, when he arrived at Louisville, his destination, he called at the door of his sister's house, rang the bell, and leaving the package he had robbed on the threshold, hastened on board the boat where the two villains who had robbed him had taken passage. They appeared glad that I came on board," said he, "and I felt confident that I should be assisted by them. They both left in that yawl, and without bidding me farewell; and *that*, sir, was what caused me to weep." I looked at him—*desperation was painted in every feature.* I was then a hardened gambler, and had been for eight years; but this tale of sorrow made me feel that if the curse of heaven ever fell on wicked men, it would descend and rest upon the gambler.

"What did you expect to gain by the course you have taken?" I said; "why did you not go to your sister—tell her freely what you had done, and ask her forgiveness and protection?" "Oh! sir," said he, "I can never go to her until I am able to replace what I have lost." Poor deluded youth, thought I, as I discovered the slender point on which his hopes were suspended, you can never recover the money or property those gamblers have smuggled from you; far better if you could think the same. "Where do you expect to go?" I asked. "I don't know, sir," was his reply. "I have no money—no friends; I am here, and what to do I know not." "I think, sir," said I, "you had better return. I will loan you sufficient money, which you can replace when convenient." "You are very kind, indeed, sir," said he, "but I *cannot* return—no, *never*. But, sir, I will, if you feel safe in loaning me sufficient to carry me to St. Louis, accept it as a great favor." I loaned him twenty-five dollars. When we arrived at the mouth of Ohio, he left the boat for another bound for Saint Louis. In 1841, I was passenger on another steamer, on her upward passage from Orleans to Louisville. Not far from ———, we broke a shaft, which caused several hours' delay. I had been ashore, and as I was returning, a gentleman informed me that he had just witnessed a revolting sight—a number of convicts on the deck of a steamer, under the charge of an officer, who was conveying them to the Baton Rouge State Prison. I went to look at them for a moment. As I approached, I recognized the face of the unfortunate youth. He turned his head, and attempted to evade my notice. He had large irons upon his ankles, and handcuffs upon his wrists. I inquired of the officer what offence he had committed; he said "forgery," and added he was under five years' sentence.

In 1845, I was lecturing in one of the principal cities east of the mountains, when I gave this same incident, mentioning, as near as I could remember, the name of the unfortunate youth. After my lecture closed, a young gentleman came to me, and asked my address. I gave it, and on the following day he called with a carriage, and invited me to accompany him. I acceded, and we shortly drew up at the door of a handsome house. I entered a parlor richly furnished, where the family were assembled, consisting of the father, mother, two sisters, and three brothers. They were silent; the brother who had accompanied me, addressed me as follows: "Sir, you may think this a strange visit; last night at the lecture, we learned something of the fate of the son of this old gentleman and lady. We are the brothers of that ruined youth. Five years have elapsed since he left this house, *guiltless*. The strange deposit of the box, could not permit us to hope any thing but his ruin. Now, sir, could you tell us how to learn if he is living?" I suggested that they should write to the agent of the Louisiana Penitentiary, giving the name the young man had assumed at the time of his conviction. They followed my suggestion, and learned that in eighteen months after his incarceration, he had died of fever.

EPIGRAM.

BY JOHN H. KEEN.

"Fast colors! Only 7 cents a yard!"
These colors, if they're fast, are sure
The cheapest of the day;
And fast they are: for fast they will,
And fast they fade away!
Union Magazine

Clippings.

☞ We should endeavor to poetise our existence; to keep it clear of the material and grosser world. Music, flowers, beauty, natural scenery, the abstractions of philosophy, the spiritual refinements of religion, are all important to that end.

☞ A great fire occurred at Constantinople on the 5th ult., destroying fifteen millions of property.

☞ At a public dinner, Mr. Terry was prevented by his professional duties from attending till late in the evening, which Mr. Mathews observing, immediately filled up his glass "To the *late* Mr. Terry."

☞ There is a place in Maine so rocky, that when the down-easters plant corn they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grain in with a musket.

☞ Free writing and despotism are such implacable foes, that we hardly think of blaming a tyrant for not keeping on terms with the press. He cannot do it. He might as reasonably choose a volcano for the foundation of his throne.

☞ A lady's beauty depends so much on expression, that if that be spoiled, farewell to all her charms; and which nothing tends more to bring about than a countenance seared with imaginary cares; instead of being lighted up with thankfulness for innumerable blessings.

☞ The Liverpool Times states that with a view of putting a stop to the practice of palming copies for originals, a plan is in agitation for registering every picture that may be painted, and the affixing thereto a registration mark or stamp.

☞ Frequenters of concerts, who are in the habit of beating time with their feet, are reminded that the *stamp act* was repealed many years ago.

☞ Young mechanics, who would prosper in business, have only two rules to live up to, to insure success. First do your work as your customer wishes to have it done. The other rule is to do it by the time you promise to have it done.—These two rules complied with, and there is little danger, if any, of a failure.

☞ A man in Newark, New Jersey, named Palmer, has published an essay against the use of money. He says it is "an engine only of evil." For two years he has declined to receive or use it, and he is now convinced that it is the duty of all to adopt a course which will supercede the use of it.

☞ We know of a young lady "about these parts," so *very* modest that she keeps her lips and cheeks always covered with court-plaster for fear somebody might see them naked.

☞ An Irish paper once gave an account of a man who made an affidavit that on a certain night he was waked up, and, putting his head out of a window, six stout men pointed a loaded musket, and swore that if he did not do so and so, *they would send his soul to h—*, which he verily believed they *would have done*, if he had not obeyed them.

☞ The English fashions, for gentlemen, for September, are said to have been an umbrella, top coat and thick boots, when out of doors; a cosy little fire at home and an extra blanket at night.

☞ The Calvinists and Lutherans of France are about to unite. A grand Protestant Synod is to be held on the 9th September; when one or the other will give way to adopt the doctrines and customs of the other.

☞ Niagara Falls is doomed again to furnish water for another mill site. A flour mill is to be commenced there at once, with two run of stone.

☞ The King of Apollonia, an African Monarch who had a habit of eating (!) the ambassadors who were sent to him, has been "put down" by a British regiment, aided by several of his subjects.

☞ Dr. Culverwell says that light feeding is the secret of life. If that is the case, there are a great many poor people possessed of the secret.

☞ Charles Dickens is to receive from his publishers five thousand *pounds* for his next Christmas story.

☞ The New York Historical Society is said to have just made the important discovery that the apple which Eve made Adam eat, and which caused the expulsion of the first pair from Paradise, was a Newtown pippin.

☞ Lamartine says that he received 300,000 francs, ($60,000) for the History of the Girondists.

☞ Jenny Lind, says a recent letter writer, has expressed a great desire to visit America.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

☞ Mr. Bancroft, our Minister in England, has interposed, it is said, in behalf of Mr. James Bergen, an American citizen, now in prison in Belfast, Ireland, for supposed connection with the Irish rebellion. It is said that he probably will be permitted to return home.

☞ Mons. Gaillardet, formerly editor of the New York Courier des Etats Unis, is a candidate for the National Assembly of France.

☞ Buckwheat and white clover are the best bee flowers—the former produces the best honey, but it is less saleable, from its dark color.

☞ A new pathy has sprung up called Æropathy, in which medicines are introduced in the form of vapor by breathing.

☞ The King of the Belgians has refused to receive the French Minister, because he was once a shoemaker in Brussels.

☞ The potato crop of Massachusetts is a large yield, and entirely free from the rot.

☞ The Irish police is to be augmented to 30,000 men, and 10 pieces of artillery are to be appropriated to the police force of every county. The military are only to be employed in garrisoning a few important posts.

☞ Private letters from London announce that the Prince de Joinville is going to establish himself in Brazil.

☞ Encke's Comet may now be observed with a telescope, near the star Capella, in the constellation Auriga. In a few weeks it will be visible to the naked eye.

☞ I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses, ere he can acquire more.—*Sir Walter Scott's Waverley.*

☞ A gentleman being asked whether he should attend the commencement of his alma mater, and take the degree of A. M., in course? replied that he had not time—that *minutes* were of more importance to him than *degrees.*

☞ When a house is taken so great care of that one hardly dares to live in it, it is more convenient to live out of doors.

☞ Lord George Bentinck says that since the passage of the ministerial sugar bill, he has lost his peace of mind. This is unfortunate, as the piece which he originally possessed was very small!—*Punch.*

☞ Courage does not consist in being insensible to, but in overcoming fear. The sort of praise due to the man insensible to fear, is such as we would give to a cannon ball.

☞ The Sicilian Parliament has abolished the order of Jesuits and Redemptionists, and banished from Sicily those members who are not citizens.

☞ They that govern most make the least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern, and scarce is seen to stir.

☞ Speaking of apples, it is rather remarkable that the first *apple* in paradise should have turned out the first *pear!*

☞ It is remarkable, says Dr. Darwin, that all the diseases from drinking spirituous liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation; and gradually to increase until the family becomes extinct.

☞ It is said, that on suggestion of Prince Albert, the new two shilling English pieces are to be called florins. These coins will shortly be issued.

Reprieves under the gallows are generally hailed with satisfaction, and the same may be said of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which beyond all doubt has reprieved many from almost equally sure deaths by lung complaints. Mr. Fowle, the general agent, who deals in the article largely, sends us the following note, which he has just received in the way of his business.—*Chronotype.*

Irasburg, Vermont, May 5, 1847.

Mr. S. W. Fowle—Dear Sir: I am nearly out of the Balsam of Wild Cherry. You may forward, if you please, two or three dozens more. The medicine gives better satisfaction *here* in pulmonary complaints than any other that I have kept. I have tried it with perfect satisfaction upon myself—having been troubled with a severe cough for more than a year, and having profuse night sweats for the last month. I had tried various popular remedies without material benefit—at length I tried Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and before I had finished the first bottle I found great relief. Two bottles have wrought a cure.

Yours, respectfully, HUBBARD HASTINGS.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street; Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, October 7, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	13 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	—
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	38 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	—
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far. and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	40 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branch	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1½
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branch	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	90 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1848.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
7 Saturday,	6 19	5 41	9 53	
8 Sunday,	6 21	5 39	10 44	D. H. M.
9 Monday,	6 22	5 38	11 37	
10 Tuesday,	6 23	5 37	12 31	
11 Wednesday,	6 25	5 35	1 16	First 3 9 10
12 Thursday,	6 26	5 34	2 0	Full 10 11 8
13 Friday,	6 27	5 33	2 44	Last 19 1 41
14 Saturday,	6 28	5 32	3 41	New 26 10 1

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Sept.	24,	54	64	66
	25,	57	60	73
	26,	57	65	66
	27,	47	58	60
	28,	59	62	62
	29,	65	78	78
	30,	60	70	—

Married,

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Steel, Mr. GEORGE SCOTT, of Steubenville, Ohio, to Miss MARY W. VANSANT, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. RICHARD HARRY, to Miss SARAH DALBY, all of Fairmount.

On the 16th of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN SCOTT, to Miss MARTHA SELFRIDGE, all of Spring Garden.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. S. Dales, Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN, to Miss RACHEL HAINES, all of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Goddard, GEORGE C. BABB, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Jersey Shore, Lycoming county, to Miss ROSALIE PIERS, of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN C. MOORE, to Miss ELIZABETH MASON, daughter of Alva Mason, all of this city.

On the 23th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, THOS. GOULD, to Miss ANNE ROYL.

On the 24th ultimo, by Alderman C. Brazer, Mr. JOHN H. SIMONS, to Miss ELIZABETH MAGAW, both of this city.

In Allegheny, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. W. W. McLane, AMEDEE MELLIER, of Fayette county, to Miss CHRISTIANA M. daughter of Wm. Haverstick, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WILLIAM G. KUHL, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH H. daughter of the late George Davis, of Chester co., Pa.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, JAMES PENROSE, to ELIZA DARBEY, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. in Philadelphia, by the Rev. Doctor Durbin, JOHN D. MCCOY, of Arkansas, to EMMA E. BENNETT, of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 28th ult. CHARLES AINSWORTH, aged 34.

On the 28th ult. SALLIE LIPPINCOTT, daughter of E. K. and Hannah W. Kille, aged 17 months.

On the 28th ult. JOHN L. HART, aged 31 years.

On the 29th ult. MOSES H. CLARK, aged 65 years.

On the 29th ult. GEORGE, son of Barnet and Susan Browne, aged 2 years.

On the 28th ult. ELIZABETH T. daughter of Benj. D. and Elizabeth G. Howley, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 29th ult. MARY TAYLOR, aged 25 years.

On the 27th ult. FREDERICK KLINGLER, aged 30.

On the 27th ult. ANNA IRVINE, daughter of Benj. W. and Harriet Morgan, aged 20 months.

On the 27th ult. LOUISA FREDERIKA, daughter of Andrew and Frederika Beck.

On the 28th ult. PATRICK HARGADEN, aged 25.

On the 29th ult. ISRAEL ROBINSON, aged 60 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH CALDWELL, aged 57 years.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. MAGDALENE CHAMBERS, aged 30 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. MARY BIRD, aged 54 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ELLEN MCCARROLL, aged 38.

On the 27th ult. Miss ELIZABETH W. SMITH, aged 18 years.

At Bonham, Texas, on the 28th ult. EDWARD L. FRALEY, son of John Fraley, of this city, aged 38 years.

On the 21st ult. at Safe Harbor, Pa. JAS. N. WALLACE, aged 18 months; also, on the 27th ultimo, Mrs. ANN WALLACE, aged 36 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. SARAH JACKSON, aged 76.

On the 25th ult. in Manton Village, WM. ADAMS, formerly of this city, aged 81 years.

On the 23d ult. JOHN B. SMITH, Esq. aged 69 years.

On the 25th ult. EMMA, daughter of Wm. and Mary Farrell, aged 9 months.

On the 26th ult. MARIA C. relict of the late James G. Houston.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH FERREY, aged 32.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. LEAH LUNN, aged 80 years.

On the 25th ult. RACHEL O'KANE, aged 33 years.

On the 25th ult. SARAH J. GOFF, aged 2 years.

In the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the 25th ult. PATRICK KEENAN or KENLAN, aged 43 years, a pedlar.

At Niceton, on the 24th ult. ANGELINE IDA, daughter of Geo. W. and Mary A. Young, aged 15 months.

On the 26th ult. LUCRETIA, daughter of S. A. and Elizabeth Roberts, aged 16 years and 5 months.

On the 22d ult. near Harrisburg, CHARLES P. CARSON.

On the 27th ult. PETER WIKOFF, Esq. aged 74.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 19th to the 29th Sept.

September 19, received from

Stevenson & Co.	$4 00	Miss L. C. Parsons	2 00
J. M. Potter	12 00	B. L. Dinger, Jr.	4 00
M. C. Buxton	5 00	N. H. Wallace & Co.	15 00
H. W. Hatch	5 00	C. B. Telfair & Co.	10 00
S. Roughton	2 50	Dr. W. L. Lackley	2 00
J. W. Elliott	2 00	Mrs. E. D. Ball	2 00
D. Graybill	2 00	N. & H. Rush	5 00
W. A. Pierce	30 00	Miss M. E. Reed	2 00
M. F. Hancock	2 00	T. W. Darling, Jr.	2 00
Mrs. A. L. Short	2 00		

September 20.

H. Camburn	2 00	S. H. Bansley & Co.	15 00
F. E. Goodwin	2 00	C. & W. Hale	2 00
O. W. Lambert	2 00	Mrs. M. C. Burns	2 00
S. S. Jones & Co.	5 00	Miss E. McQuaid	2 00
M. Clark	10 00	Miss A. L. Hines	2 00
B. Griffith	2 00	G. W. & R. Liston	10 00
C. A. Keyes	5 00	B. H. Rushton, Jr.	2 00
A. Johnston	10 00	M. C. Melton, Sr.	2 00
J. A. McConnell	5 00		

September 21.

S. Morton	2 00	E. Holden	1 00
A. Delaven	2 00	S. B. Small	1 25
R. Eaby	2 00	J. T. Napier	2 00
Jos. Hughes	2 00	E. W. Lawrence	30 00
Ann Bennett	2 00	J. J. Kersey	2 00
W. Worrall	2 00	A. G. Beard	2 00
I. Heston	2 00	Mrs. R. T. Harley	2 00
J. Hudson	2 00	Miss E. C. Day	2 00
Emily Angus	2 00	Miss E. L. Long	2 00
W. Carlisle	6 00	C. D. Brent & Co.	10 00
Mrs. M. S. Wetherill	2 00	D L & H S Richards	15 00
S. L. Ballard & Co.	16 00	S. C. Parks & Co.	5 00
Rev. E. Young	2 00		

September 22.

D. B. Bowser	1 00	S. & H. Pearl	10 00
R. Dunlap	2 00	B. W. Shugard & Co.	15 00
P. M. Thorp	2 00	L. & C. T. Trainer	10 00
G. Galloway	2 00	N. W. Blyger & Co.	5 00
R. G. Van Duyn	5 00	Miss E. H. Doyle	2 00
Jos. Harris	5 00	Mrs. N. C. Burd	2 00
Jos. Hedges	1 50	Miss S. G. Taylor	2 00
D. H. Livesey	62	C. & H. Boyle	10 00
J. W. Claxton	2 00	P. D. McTeal	2 00

September 23.

Dr. B. Berry	1 00	Miss C. Devine	2 00
J. Jones	1 00	H. R. McElvee	2 00
J. Kirkpatrick	10 00	D. & D. Harmon	5 00
J. E. Bellotte	2 00	R. S. Wilson & Co.	10 00
J. H. Wilson	5 00	B. B. Stewart & Co.	10 00
J. M. Riffel	2 00	Mrs. H. C. Peel	2 00
J. McGarrity	2 00	Miss M. A. Catley	2 00
A. Reisnider	2 00	Dr. H. E. Rothe	2 00
T. H. Keisinger	5 00	B. & B. Luther	5 00
Mrs. M. McLean	2 00		

September 25.

D. Ritchey	4 00	Miss M. Latimer	2 00
D. Carstairs	2 00	W. Stevens	10 00
J. A. Gilbert & Co.	32 30	H. Boyer	2 00
Hotchkiss & Co.	61 10	T. P. Carll	5 00
J. F. Smith & Co.	5 00	W. J. Dodge	4 00
C. S. Rowley	26 00	Mr. Burnett	10 00
W. Teben & Co.	6 25	G. Francis	2 00
H. Dentler	2 00	S. Millikin	2 00
R. J. Wilson	5 00	R. B. Johnson	2 00
J. McCartney	2 00	C. N. Waldron	2 00
R. Bloomer	5 00	M. Grinnell	2 00
W. Allen	2 00	F. Mahan	2 00
J. Capps	20 00	Mrs. A. K. Wray	2 00

September 26.

T. B. Peterson	2 00	G. B. Roberts & Co.	10 00
Dr. Goodell	2 00	C. D. Paxson & Co.	15 00
Dr. J. W. Harrison	2 00	H. C. McKean & Co.	5 00
S. Webster	5 00	Mrs. E. T. Pound	2 00
T. Hileman	5 00	Miss A. M. Wrigley	2 00
H. K. Morse	5 00	C. & J. Hone	4 00
J. P. Hibbard	2 00	N. P. Dashiell, Jr.	2 00
Miss C. Duplaine	2 00	Col. H. L. Keeler	2 00
Mrs. E. C. Green	2 00	C. P. Frailey, Jr.	2 00
T. & D. Hendley	5 00		

September 27.

F. Rattle	2 00	G. H. Napheys	1 00
W. Rankin	2 00	J. J. Bohler	2 00
M. Brown & Co.	5 00	O. Gray	2 00
C. H. Siddall	1 00	Miss S. Bowers	1 00
J. T. Leet	2 00	H. Arment	2 00
J. Lucas	1 00	C. M. Warner	1 00
W. H. Schenck	2 00	H. C. Lowber & Co	23 00
I. Akers	2 00	J. W. Dunn	2 00
T. Ollis	1 00	S. Riffe & Co.	5 00
T. Curtis	1 00	J. C. Snook	5 00
G. Steelman	2 00	Mrs. S. Schnabel	2 00
J. Frank	2 00	Dr. H. Applegate	2 00
M. Thackary, Jr.	1 00		

September 28.

A. P. Megrath	3 00	R. Shields	1 00
J. F. Brandt	2 00	T. Owen	2 00
Dr. E. B. Richmond	2 00	M. N. Allison & Co.	16 00
E. A. Murray & Co.	5 00	T. D. Elton & Co.	10 00
Dr. J. G. Thomas	2 00	L. & H. Platts	2 00
N. D. Hall	6 00	Mrs. C. W. Curry	2 00
R. Lukens	2 00	Miss E. L. Neal	2 00
J. H. Seyfert	2 00	B. R. Hocker & Co.	15 00
A. P. Milnor	2 00	T. & H. J. Ivins	10 00
W. F. Goggins	2 00	L. R. Crockett & Co.	5 00

September 29.

R. Woodward	2 00	L. N. Bernard & Co.	10 00
J. Brown	5 00	T. P. & H. Hinson	15 00
J. B. Smith	5 00	W. R. Booth & Co.	10 00
G. Hutchison	5 00	C. & D. Leedom	2 00
A. K. Tuthill	1 00	Miss E. D. Creth	2 00
J. D. Chambers	1 00	Mrs. S. H. Dale	2 00
J. M. Agee	1 25	W. B. Fitler & Co.	10 00
Mrs. M. L. Givin	2 00	M. L. Harker & Co.	2 00
C. R. Hoover, Jr.	2 00	W. H. Carver, Jr	2 00
Miss A. C. Hoopes	2 00	Mrs. E. T. Kay	2 00

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

THE MANAGERS have the pleasure to announce the FIRST CONCERT of the Society, for the present season, will be given at their Hall, in Locust street, on

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 17.

For this occasion, in addition to the Orchestra of the Society, Vocal Talent of the highest order has been secured. The Programme will appear in a few days.

No single tickets will be sold for the Concerts during the season.

Subscriptions will be received by any of the Managers, and at the Music Store of Mr. A. FIOT, No. 196 Chesnut street. 1t*

HANOVER LANDING, on the *Ohio*, will be offered at *Public Sale* on the premises, on Tuesday, the 24th of October. It is a *very* healthy, cheerful residence. Has a front on the river 220 perches, and a full view of it 8 miles. It has, say 170 acres, one-third in cultivation, the balance in valuable wood for steamboats. The mail and other steamboats stop daily near the door. It has a *large brick house*, 14 rooms, portico, porches, &c. 400 choice graft fruit trees in full bearing. It is 4 miles from Madison, Indiana, 1 from Hanover College, 100 from Cincinnati, and 40 from Louisville. It would suit for a Female Boarding School or a person who has sons to educate. *Title clear*—possession immediately. Terms—one-third cash in hand, the balance 1 and 2 years satisfactorily. (oc7-2t*) A. HAYS.

WILMINGTON BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THE WINTER SESSION of this Institution commences on the 1st of the 10th month, (October,) and continues six months. The Summer Session commences on the 1st of the 5th month, (May,) and continues four months.

DUBRE KNIGHT, Principal.
Wilmington, Del. 1848. oct 7-3t*

ROBERT JOHNSTON'S
STOCK, BANK NOTE EXCHANGE, AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
No. 24 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite to Congress Hall Hotel, Philadelphia,

WHERE the different branches of Bank Note, Stock and Collection Business, will be conducted on the most liberal terms. mar 11-6m

Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold.

Drafts, Notes and Bills, on the various sections of the United States, collected with despatch.

Every description of Stocks, Loans, &c., &c., bought and sold on Commission, at the Board of Brokers.

CHARLES CAMBLOS'
STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.
BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y

Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers. ☜

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

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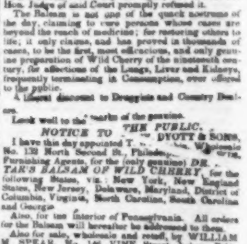

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City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.

W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.

[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

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Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE A. S. STANDARD.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropped,
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas!
Another heart that beat for freedom stopped—
What mournful words are these!

Oh, Love Divine, that claspeth our tired earth,
And lullest it upon thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what thou art;

His was a spirit that to all Thy poor
Was kind as slumber after pain;
Why ope so soon Thy heaven-deep Quiet's door
And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets; it is they
Who give her aspirations wings,
And to the wiser law of music sway
Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art thou unkind,
Oh, Love Divine, for 'tis Thy will
That gracious natures leave their love behind
To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster-glooms
With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting-place:

"Here lies a Poet; Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go ask it of the poor."

Scenes in Mexico.

ADVENTURE WITH A GUERILLA.

The following account of an adventure with a Guerilla, on the return march of the American Army from Mexico, to Vera Cruz, is from a correspondent of the Boston Atlas:—

JALAPA, June 20, 1848.

On our march, last summer, from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, I rode a large portion of the way; but I determined, on our return, to walk the entire distance of over two hundred and fifty miles. So, with no other weapon than a Mexican sword cane, and accompanied by my good dog Bolero, I left the city, keeping no great distance from the troops. On some days I suffered not a little from fatigue; and, in this connection, I will relate a little incident of quite an exciting character, which befel me a few days since, while on the march from El Pinal to Ojo de Agua. At about noon, we came to a cluster of palm-trees, on a slight elevation, near which was a fountain, partially surrounded by stone seats. As the troops halted a few moments, I thought no better opportunity would present itself, for taking a little rest after a tedious march. There was an orange grove at no great distance from the road, which I intended to visit after a moment's repose. I immediately threw myself on the stone bench, watching the train as it passed, and I suppose, very soon fell asleep. How long I lay upon the stone pillow, I do not know, but I was at length aroused by the loud barking of Bolero. I sprang to my feet in a moment; no troops were visible—not even stragglers—in any direction. A different object met my view: At a few paces from the fountain, stood a savage-looking Mexican, fastening his horse to a tree. This he had no sooner done, than he came towards me, presenting a cocked pistol to my breast, without saying a word. Now a pistol is very well in its place, but it has an ugly appearance when pointed directly at you, and at the distance of only a couple of feet. I knew, at first sight, the fellow to be one of the Ladrones or Guerillas, who infest all the highways in Mexico, for the purpose of plunder and murder. He wore a serape; several folds of it tucked beneath a belt, from which projected the handle of a knife. His legs were encased in leathern trowsers or cherivalli, opened at the sides, and partially fastened by gingling and globular buttons. A huge straw sombrero on his shaggy head, completed his attire. He had the mark of the devil in his face, and perhaps I ought to have been exceedingly frightened. But I remembered that when a man loses his self-possession, his courage, like that of Bob Acres, is sure to ooze out at his fingers' ends, and then all is over with him. I determined at once upon the course I would pursue. I was the first to speak—

"*Que quieres, amigo?*" (What do you want, friend?) said I, keeping my eye upon the pistol.

"*Tuyo bolsa o vida!*" (Your purse or your life!) was his instant reply; and he placed his pistol still nearer.

"*Bien, Senor, tome la bolsa!*" (Well, sir, take the purse.)

And, drawing from a side pocket a steel-netted purse—the gift of a friend—containing some two or three dollars in silver, and one or two other articles, I tossed it towards him. He caught it and lowered his pistol. I confess I watched his motions with a good deal of anxiety, in the hope of finding an opportunity of accomplishing what I determined to do from the first, viz., wrest the pistol from him, mount his horse, and put ahead. I therefore kept my eye upon him, every moment, but at the same time, was careful to maintain to all appearance, the most perfect indifference in regard to what was going on.

The Ladrone proceeded to open the purse by emptying the contents in the hand which held the pistol. He suddenly started as if stung by an adder.

"*Que es?*" (What is it?) said I.

"*Maria Santissima!*" (Holy Virgin!) was his only exclamation, as he riveted his keen eyes upon me.

It seems that the very first article which fell into his hand from the purse was one of those small brazen medals, worn by every good Catholic—particularly by the Aztec women—around the neck, containing on each side a representation in relief of the Virgin, or one of the Apostles. He turned it over and over, as carefully as if his slightest touch would be profanation, and nothing whatever could induce him to meddle with the purse further. It appeared to have some charm or spell within it, in his eyes.

"*Esto tuyo? Tu Catolico?*" (This yours? Are you a Catholic?) he asked.

"*Es mio, Senor.*" (It is mine, Senor.)

He placed the little coinage in the purse again and handed it to me, scanning me all the while, as if he would read my every thought.

"*No mas dinero?*" (Have you no more money?) he continued, again levelling his pistol at me.

"*Yo buscare!*" (I will search you.)

His look was more voracious than before, and it was apparent, from his whole demeanor, that he was in earnest—that the affair was no joke. I determined to keep as cool as possible.

"*Tuyo dinero o vida!*" (Your money or life!) he repeated, in no very pure Castilian.

The Ladrone then commenced operations by thrusting his hand into my pockets, and finding nothing of any importance, he proceeded to feel along the seam of my pantaloons. As you may know, an express rider in this country, or any one entrusted with important matters, generally sews up his despatch, or whatever article of value he may have about him, in his pantaloons, shirt collar or stockings; these Ladrones are always sure to search any such hiding place. Now, it did so happen that I had a small silk belt fastened about my body, next the skin, which contained over a hundred dollars in gold. Thinking I might possibly, some time or other in my life, have occasion for so trifling an amount of the needful, I felt some little concern lest his fingers should become too familiar with the belt in question. I suddenly stooped, as if to pick something from the ground, and in doing so endeavored, unobserved, to knock the cap from the fellow's pistol. I did not succeed, however. The Ladrone immediately caught me by the collar, and raising the weapon again he exclaimed, in a thunder tone:

"*Es mentira! dinero o vida!*" (It is a lie! your money or your life!) and he shook me as though he was in earnest. I never saw such a devilish expression upon the face of a human being.

I was on the point of disrobing myself to convince the Ladrone that I had no other money than he had seen, when I heard a slight rustle near the adjacent hedge, and in a moment a young girl, with a basket of roses on one arm, sprang into the street and placed herself directly between the bandit and myself. If an angel had dropped from the skies at my feet I could not have been more surprised than at this sudden apparition. Turning in the direction whence she appeared, I observed for the first time, a small hut, just below the palm trees on the other side of the hedge. From this the female no doubt emerged, and was probably at the moment gathering the roses so profusedly scattered among the aloes and wild cherry trees in front. She was as white as snow and as fair as a lily. She wore a loose skirt or petticoat, and her neck and shoulders were partially concealed by her flaunting bolero, and her long curling tresses. She was barefooted, but her feet were of the smallest possible size, and her form was almost fairy-like. A brighter eye or a milder expression I have rarely seen out of the imperial city. Her attire was in every respect neat, and she seemed to me to have been born in a higher sphere in life. My attention was now riveted upon the girl—she could not have been more than sixteen—who so suddenly placed herself between me and the Ladrone. The eyes of the latter glanced fire, and he seemed for a moment at a loss whether to point his pistol at the new comer or myself.

"*Lais! Lais!—No! No! No mata el caballero—No olvido el voto!*" (Lais! Lais! No! No! Kill not the gentleman!—Remember your vow!) —she exclaimed, in a most impassioned tone, fastening her black eyes full upon the tawny visage of the Ladrone.

Taking one of the roses from her basket, I watched the issue of this exciting and novel scene, with all the composure I could muster.

"*Manuela! Vayase! Vayase!*" (Manuela! Begone!) exclaimed the bandit, pointing his pistol at the heart of the female, and stamping his foot upon the ground.

"*Lais!*" she continued, "remember the vow! When you were in the mountains, where would have been Manuela, had not the Americans shielded her from the Guerillas! Your house would have been in flames, and your daughter borne away among the snows of Orizaba. The Americans protected me and all I had to give them was a cup of pulque and chocolate. When you came home, and pressed Manuela to your bosom, did you not promise her that never more your hand should harm *los Yankees?* Lais! remember your vow!"

The bandit drew himself up to his full height, and for a moment I could see his bosom heaving with contending emotions. The evil genius, however, prevailed.

"Manuela! begone! I say. *The American shall die!* Who chased me from mountain to mountain—hunting on my track for days? *Los Americanos malditos!* (The cursed Americans.) When I was in the mountain passes of Orizaba with [illegible], I was scouring the forests of Huamantla, with [illegible], the Americans were burning our dwellings, plundering our cattle, and carrying off our wives and children. Holy Virgin!—shall I forgive them? Their rifles have murdered our comrades, from the snows of Popocatapetl to the mountain passes and defiles of Durango and New Leon! Shall I spare them, because they have left a single kid, while they destroyed the flock? No! Manuela!—the American must die!"

"*Lais! Cobardo! No olvido el voto!*" (Lais! you are a coward!—remember your vow!)

"*Nina! Vayase! Vayase!*" (Child! begone! begone!) "*Muerte a el Americano!*" (Death to the American!)

There was more of the devil in his look than I had before seen. Manuela continued reminding him of his vow, and once endeavored to get possession of his pistol. At length, in a moment of extreme passion and irritation, he seized her by her long hair, and with one arm around her waist, bore her to the maguey hedge, and threw her over it with great violence upon the ground. I heard a wild shriek, and trembled lest she had fallen upon a stone. He advanced rapidly towards me, exclaiming, "he shall die."

All this took place in much less time than I have taken to describe it. I thought it about time to bring the whole affair to an end, and I determined to do it.

"*Cabron!* scoundrel and coward!" I muttered between my teeth.

"*Que dices?*" (What's that?) he exclaimed, or rather growled.

"You say the Americans have burned your houses and carried off your women and cattle.—Listen! When our soldiers lay bleeding on the battle field of Molino del Rey—having received their death wounds, and on the point of dying—your cowardly Lancers and Guerillas ran their swords and lances through their bodies, tormenting and doubly murdering the gallant fellows.—Think you their surviving comrades would spare the marauding Guerillas and Ladrones after such inhuman butchery? Every soul of you ought to be strung up to the branches of yonder palm, and hang there until the rope rots that holds your cowardly necks."

"*Bueno! Bonissimo!*" (Good! glorious!) They did right! Die! accursed American! Die, Infidel! Die,——"

"Die I shall—but not by your hands!" I exclaimed, striking the pistol aside, and gathering all my energies for a final effort. "Not content," I continued, "with contending alone with an unarmed man, you must also have accomplices, coward that you are! *Mira! Mira! ya vienen tuyoss amigos.* (See! see! your friends are coming!") said I, suddenly, pointing to a by-path up the mountain.

The *ruse* took. The Ladrone immediately turned his head in a direction opposite to me, to see what was not to be seen. In an instant I sprang upon him, wrested the pistol from his hand, and struck him a violent blow over the head. He reeled and fell, uttering a dreadful imprecation as he did so. One blow more, and he lay bleeding and insensible.

"Accursed Mexican! Dog of a Ladrone!" I exclaimed, "take your deserts!"

To unfasten his horse, spring into his saddle, and put ahead, was the work of an instant. One thing somewhat disconcerted me. As I was mounting the horse, the pistol fell from my hand upon the ground. I did not dismount for it, and I expected every moment, as I rode forward, to hear a report, followed by a ball whistling near my head. I thought it not unlikely that the scoundrel might suddenly recover, and seek to avenge himself. All the sound, however, that I heard, was that of a female voice, exclaiming—

"*Corre! Senor! Corre!*" (Run! Senor! run!)

I saw no one, but I could not mistake the voice of the fair Manuela. I continued riding ahead with all possible speed, until I came to a turn in the road, about a mile from the spot where the bandit lay. I stopped a moment to look back. The spectacle touched me. Manuela was leading the Ladrone across the road, towards the hut, near the cluster of palms. I touched my sombrero to her, and rode onward to the camp, some three or four miles distant.

The animal I had captured was an American horse, probably stolen by the Ladrone from some dragoon, and being the property of the United States I turned him over to the Quarter-Master.

The only way to treat a Ladrone like the one I encountered, is to shoot him dead on the spot. I was censured for not having shot the scoundrel in this instance—but there were two considerations which restrained me. I was apprehensive that the report of a pistol might summon a dozen more bandits to the spot; and again, when I thought of shooting him with his own pistol—but which was intended to take my own life—the fairy-like form of Manuela flitted before my vision, seeming to entreat that I would spare the father, for the daughter's sake. It is needless to say, that I did not make my contemplated visit to the orange orchard.

Original Sketch.

HOME SICKNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE WIFE OF A WESTERN PHYSICIAN.

One of the first, and often the distressing complaint of new comers out West, is "Home Sickness," and when it is accompanied with fever and ague, as is usually the case, it forms a complication of diseases which often puzzles the doctors. Quinine will surely break up the chills, but has no effect, whatever, on home sickness; the only known remedy for that, is to send the patient home,—if that does not help them, let them remain there. It is really quite annoying to one who has been here several years, to listen to the complaints of those newly arrived. Nothing is pleasant here, nothing good, all is so wild, so strange, so unlike HOME, they say it is impossible for them ever to become reconciled to the change, and they will not even make the effort, for fear we may think they never enjoyed a better home. Now, it is well known that we do truly sympathise with all new comers, when they are going through their first seasoning; but we cannot be expected to run down our new and beautiful country, to please them, and indeed it would frighten them sadly, should we own it to be half so bad as they represent. They have no confidence in any body, or any thing here. If they are sick, they will send for the nearest physician, not that they suppose he can help them,—oh, no! but merely because they have been in the habit of employing a physician when they were ill. I was sitting lately by the bedside of a very home sick lady, when the doctor was called in, he felt her pulse, inquired how she had rested through the night, &c., &c. She looked up languidly and said:

"Oh, I spent a most terrible night; I did not close my eyes until near morning, and then, when I did sleep, I dreamed I was at *home*, with all my dear old friends, and I felt so disappointed when I awoke, that I think it has made me much worse."

"You are debilitated, madam," said the doctor; "you must take tonics to brace you up."

"Tonics!" she exclaimed; "why, doctor, they would kill me. My old doctor at *home* always told me I would not bear tonics."

"But your 'old doctor' was not out West, madam. I presume he would prescribe differently here. You must also take some nourishment, and not allow yourself to become so faint."

"Why, doctor, what can I get *here* that is at all nourishing? If I was only at *home*, I could get a—"

"Oh, we can find you something *here* that will answer. We cannot wait to send East, just now. Could you take some chicken broth?"

"Oh, pray, doctor, don't have them get me any prairie chickens, the black things! They would poison me—I *want* some kind of fruit, to take this bad taste out of my mouth."

"Well, madam, we have some fine ripe blackberries, they will not hurt you."

"But, doctor, they have such a wild taste, HERE, I cannot bear them. I do wish I had dried some at home, last summer, and brought with me; I could relish anything from home."

"I am sorry, madam, that we have no *tame* blackberries here. Did you raise them in your gardens, East?"

"Oh, no, we got them in the woods and fields, but they were delightful *there*."

"More civilized, I suppose. Well, we must have patience, we will all improve in time; we must look at the bright side."

"Bright side, indeed!" said the lady, "I would like to know where there is a bright side to look at, in this awful place." Just then, three little girls came running in with their hands filled with beautiful prairie flowers. They showed them to their mother, and asked her if they were not pretty?

"Pretty! No, they are horrid!" said the mother. "Do take them away, and go out yourselves, for you are so dirty I cannot endure to see you about me. Oh, dear! can it be that these are the same children who used to look so neat, and behave so well at *home*?"

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "you must rouse yourself, take medicine, and get well to take care of your children, or they will soon become as 'black' as our prairie chickens, and as 'wild' as our berries." And after prescribing for her, he arose and took his leave.

"What a stupid doctor that is," said she. "I have no confidence in him." (She did not know it was my husband of whom she was speaking.) "If I could only have my *old doctor from home*, I would be well in three hours."

The poor doctors! They receive but few thanks and poor pay for their constant attention. This is but one case out of many, and some are much harder to deal with than this one, for she did not openly abuse him, as some do. I have often heard my husband remark, that he would rather undertake a dozen cases of fever than one of home sickness.

Humorous Sketch.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

FROM THE NEW YORK MORNING NEWS.

"Only a school teacher!" What an exclamation for one to utter. What trials are connected with him or her who holds that responsible position in society. "Aye!" echoes some listener at my back, "but are there not pleasures, likewise, united to that situation?" An urchin with a grin from ear to ear, made that remark. Umph! great pleasures to be sure! provoking pleasures, very. There is, no doubt, great honor attached to the occupation of a pedagogue; the idea of clothing a young blade of humanity with literary and moral foliage is sublime. As the *latin* poet hath it (I believe I quote from *Horace*,)

—Mundo est nihil
Sane scriptorum, mathematicorum, et a-b-c-um;
Pedagogici mundo est indispensibilibus.

Which, rendered in the vernacular, signifies that the world without the alphabet, writing and arithmetic, is nothing, and that the teacher, or pedagogue, is indispensably necessary to "germinate and fructify the mind with these great fundamentals of knowledge. Capital saying of the poet—very.

"Mr. N." said a tyro to me the other day, "didn't you say that when we drink water we swallow an innumerable host of elephants?"

"No, my son," replied I, "the observation which I made was this—'that in every drop of water is contained millions of insects, which, if magnified to a great degree, will appear to be as *large* as elephants.'"

"Well," said he, "I shan't drink any more water."

"What, then, *will* you drink?"

"Why, I'll take wine."

"Wine! that is made of logs."

"Logs? *Logs? Logs?*"

"Yes, made of log-wood."

"Well, if it *is* made of wood, why does it sting so much when it goes down the throat?"

"Why, the stinging sensation is caused by the splinters sticking in the flesh."

"That's very queer—I guess I'll have to drink coffee."

"What good would you get by that? Coffee is only the insects boiled down and jellified."

"Ugh! Oh! my, Mr. N."

"You don't know anything yet. You must not be afraid to drink a few swimming insects, when you are made aware of the fact that, at this moment, you are inhaling aerial creatures at every breath."

"Oh, goodness!" exclaimed the whole school, while the desks, benches, and even slate pencils groaned and squeaked.

"This is a wonderful world," said I; "but you know very little of it, as yet. Suppose I should tell you that your blood is composed of little else except animalcule?"

"Good gracious!" from the boys, and again groaned the school room paraphernalia. The maps rustled on the walls, and the pendulum of the clock almost stopped.

"Yes; and when you have a fever, the different tribes and individuals of that animalcule are at war with each other; if you take a microscope and magnify one drop of blood, when in such sickly state, you perceive the insects fighting."

"You don't say so, Mr. N.!" Paraphernalia in trouble again.

"Ah, boys! science has done wonders in instructing the mind in those extraordinary facts by which we are encompassed, in which we continually live and move, but of which the generality of minds still know very little."

"Why! do we live in *facts*, Mr. N?" enquired a genius from one end of the room.

"Hush your tongue, you urchin; don't you understand the English language! No more remarks, I can't attend to them. First class in grammar come forward. George, what does '*to be*,' signify?"

"Something to come, sir."

"Does it not also mean something to go?"

"It doesn't say so in the lesson."

"That's no matter; haven't I told you to use your common sense when studying?"

"I haven't got any to use; mother says that little boys shouldn't have any."

"I don't mean *cents*; not *copper cents*; reason's; the word."

"Father said I shouldn't eat them, because they'd make me sick."

"Go down to the foot, sir, and stay in till four o'clock. You are a pretty fellow, can't tell me the difference between *raisin* and *reason*. Next—Charles, answer my question."

"It means just what you say."

"To make it plainer, I will state that it signifies the future, hereafter."

"Well, Mr. N." inquired a stupid looking anatomy, "can another speak before he says anything?"

"No," responded a fat boy near the foot of the class; "you always have to *hear after*."

"Go to your seats, every one of you. Poking fun at me, are you! Eh?"

"Class in philosophy, take their places. Master Socrates Plato Smith, please to tell me what is the meaning of the attraction of gravitation?"

"It is that property which the earth possesses, of drawing every thing earthly to itself."

"You are right, my love; and to interest you, I will inform you, that if man alone was subservient to this principle, the earth would present a very queer spectacle and annoying fact, for—"

"I say, Mr. N., can you *see* a fact? *I* never—"

"Haven't I told you over and again, that such language is *figurative*, and—"

"But I don't see any *figures* in language, except in my arithmetic."

"Shoulder that broom and dust-pan, and stand in the corner, or I'll take the hide off you. If any boy laughs, I'll turn him inside out, and upside down, confound him. Attention, class! As I was saying, when I was interrupted by that boy at the end of the room—the annoying fact would be this:—that our hats would leave our heads, our coats would jump off our backs, our pantaloons would run away from our legs, our shirts would rise from us like balloons, our shoes and stockings, in their efforts to get loose, would tumble us head over heels, and afterwards would fly off in—"

"Oh goody!" exclaimed the whole school, while the clock went faster, the maps stuck themselves, with a sticking sound, closer to the walls, the broom and dust-pan sprung to the ground from the boy who held them, and the desks shivered and pressed more firmly to the floor.

"Mr. N.," inquired a gaunt-looking fellow, "what is perpetual motion?"

"Motion never ending."

"Then I should think," said a gloomy genius, "that the boys' feet were good examples, for they keep scratching the benches and floor continually, and make so much noise that I can't study."

"Keep silence, you boot-movers! Now, I want the attention of every one in the school to the remarks I have to make upon some queer facts connected with astronomical philosophy. You have, in the course of your lessons, read of the *Pleiades*, and the *Bear* that never sets; now—"

"I think he'd get tired standing all the time," said a cadaverous student; at whose remark the whole school was convulsed.

"My son," said I, "I think from your appearance, you could penetrate into the meaning of the phrase, without any trouble; you have a keen look about you, which—"

"Mr. N., John Scroggins wants to know what would become of our clothes, if gravitation was lost?"

"They'd rise up in the air, and form clouds, and if the principle was suddenly restored to the earth, they would fall down in the form of mechanical rain, and—"

"Boots and shoes would hit us on our heads, and rattle around us with a vengeance—"

"And every person would get somebody's else clothes, because—"

"Silence, there, every one of you: class, take your seats."

The above is a specimen of the duties and troubles of a school teacher. He is compelled to explain things which are of the greatest importance to man, and while he is doing it he is subjected to continual interruptions from his tyros. The school-room is a regular patience ordeal, which, if passed through victoriously, places the teacher upon the highest platform of moral and physical accomplishments. Nothing tries the physical and moral temperament of human nature more than the duties which devolve upon him or her who endeavors to inculcate truths into the young brains of youth. Another fact, equally true, is, that many pleasures are derived from noticing the different fancies of children; and, oh gracious! while I am penning this philosophical paragraph, a boy is inquiring "*if it is not owing to the fact, that some persons are weaker-headed than others, that they get bedizened and crazy, on account of the rapid evolutions of the world?*" Oh my! Dear friend editor, I remain yours, NOTROM.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE TURTLE.

There are two kinds of turtle; the one is called the green turtle, and is much valued as a delicious article of food; the other the hawk's bill turtle supplies the tortoise-shell of commerce, which is prepared and moulded into various forms by heat; the flesh of the hawk's bill turtle is considered very unwholesome. The turtles in the picture are of the edible kind; they are found on the shores of nearly all the countries within the tropics. There is a little rocky island in the south Atlantic Ocean, called the Island of Ascension, where they are found in vast numbers, and this barren spot is often visited by Indiamen for the purpose of obtaining some of them. The turtles feed on the sea-weed and other marine plants which grow on the shoals and sandbanks, and with their powerful jaws, they crush the small sea-shells which are found among the weeds. This kind of food is always to be had in great abundance, so that the turtles have no occasion to quarrel among themselves, for that which is afforded in such plenty for all; indeed they seem to be a very quiet and inoffensive race, herding peaceably together on their extensive feeding-grounds, and when satisfied retiring to the fresh water at the mouth of the rivers, where they remain holding their heads above water, as if to breathe the fresh air, till the shadow of any of their numerous enemies alarms them, when they instantly dive to the bottom for security. In the month of April, the females leave the water after sun-set, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand. By means of their fore-fins they each dig a hole above high-water-mark, about one foot wide and two deep, into which they drop above a hundred eggs; they then cover them lightly over with a layer of sand, sufficient to hide them, and yet thin enough to admit the warmth of the sun's rays for hatching them. The instinct which leads the female turtle to the shore to lay her eggs, renders her a prey to man. The fishers wait for them on shore, especially on a moonlight night, and following them in one of their journeys, either coming or returning, they turn them quickly over on their backs, before they have time to defend themselves, or to blind their assailants by throwing up the sand with their fins. When very large (the usual weight of the turtle is from four to six hundred pounds) it requires the efforts of several men to turn them over, and for this purpose they often employ levers: the back shell of the turtle is so flat that when once over it is impossible for them to right themselves, so there the poor creatures lie in this helpless condition, till they are either taken away in the manner you see in the picture, or deposited by their captors in a crawl, which is a kind of enclosure surrounded by stakes, and so situated as to admit the influx of the sea. The inhabitants of the Bahama Isles, catch many turtles at a considerable distance from the shore; they strike them with a spear, the head of which slips off when it has entered the body of the turtle, but it is fastened by a string to the pole, and by means of this apparatus they are able to secure them, and either take them into the boat or haul them on shore. The length of the green turtle frequently exceeds six feet. A boy ten years old, a son of Captain Roche, once made use of a very large shell as a boat, and ventured in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay about a quarter of a mile off. It was in the Bay of Campeachy, off Port Royal, where the rightful occupant of this shell was caught.

Wit and Humor.

BULLYING A WITNESS.

There is an attorney practising in our courts who has attained a great notoriety for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out to the crowd, we will merely call him "Wyke," for short.

There was a horse case, a very common case upon our magistrates dockets, trying before Squire Snellbaker one day, in which Wyke happened to be "fornenst" the horse. A slow and easy witness, had been called, to the stand by the plaintiff, who in a plain straight forward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wyke commenced a regular *cross*-examination which was cut short in the following manner:

"Well, what do *you* know about a horse—you a *horse doctor*?" said the *barbarian*, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nater of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wyke, in the same style, looking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out:

"Oh, ye-as—jes-so—*I'd never take you for a horse!*"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. Everybody was convinced, that, whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a *hoss!*—*Cin. Dispatch.*

THE FIVE CRADLES.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness. That is to say, he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to it while he slipped out of his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bedpost, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backwards in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet and went head foremost over the bower of infant happiness. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner—"Wife! wife! how many cradles *have* you got in the house? I've fallen over FIVE and here's another afore me!"

DID IT 'O PURPOSE.—An honest, old fashioned Yankee farmer had an unruly bull, which had a remarkable love for the old farmer, "in a *horn*," and a singular *penchant* for giving his acquaintances and friends a "lift in the world." One day the old farmer was driving the bull home much against his inclination, and getting enraged he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence into the road—but fortunately only slightly hurt him. The old man gained his equilibrium, and then he saw the enraged animal sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed: "Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it 'o purpose, darn you!"

LUCKY.—A lawyer sent his son before a school committee to have his qualifications tested for the office of teacher. After being examined and cross-examined in every thing from A B C to algebra, he was told that no certificate could at present be given, as the committee were of different opinions in regard to his being qualified.

"Well," said the father, on his son's return, "how did you make out?"

"Why, dad, I guess I shall stand a pretty smart chance of getting clear—seeing as how *the jury couldn't agree*."

DANDY GENTS.—They are mere walking-sticks for female flirts, ornamented with a brass head, and barely touched with brass etiquette. Their moral garment is a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with self complacency; their outer apparel is all in keeping, and fresh from Beelzebub's ready-made clothing establishment, tinkered up with broadcloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft sawder, vanity and impudence. They are no more solid silver than a plated spoon is.

QUESTIONS FOR THE LONGEST DAY.—1. If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a *doubt*?

2. If 7 days make one week, how many will make one *strong*?

3. If 5½ yards make a Pole, how many will make a *Turk*?

4. If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a *confederacy*?

CAPITAL IDEA.—"Indeed, indeed, friend Tom," said one citizen to another, "you have spoiled the looks of your nag by cropping his ears so close; what could your reason be for it?"

"Why, friend Turtle, I will tell you—my horse had a strange knack of being frightened, and on very trifling occasions would prick up his ears as if he had seen old Satan, and so, to cure him, I cropt him."

TRUE ENOUGH.—A gentleman, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and, observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter,

"Why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost."

"No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them all in the bill."

OLD SEED.—There was much sound, palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family:—

"So much the worse for you," said the peasant; "as we ploughmen say, 'The older the seed, the worse the crop.'"

☞ "John, who was the wisest man?" "Don't know, sir." "Yes, you do know; tell me." "Well, I guess it was Uncle Zek, for father sed he was so cunning that he got everybody to trust him, and wan't fool enough to pay nobody."

☞ An old toper being questioned as to his knowledge of a cotton gin, replied that it "was very good, but not equal, in his estimation, to the pure Holland."

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN AND UNITED STATES GAZ.

THE WITHERING LEAVES.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are strewing their earthly bier;
A dreary mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs;
From bough to bough the squirrels run
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies where my footstep heaves
The rustling drifts of the withering leaves.

The flocks pursue their southern flight—
Some all the day and some all night;
And up from the wooded marshes come
The sounds of the pheasants' feathery drum.
On the highest bough the mourner crow
Sits in his funeral suit of wo—
All nature mourns—and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

Oh! I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life like the year had its season of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty and truth,
And the dew bathed my feet in the valley of youth!
Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But Youth is a fable—and Beauty deceives;—
For my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn—
Or when dragging the rake, I followed them out
While they tossed the light sheaves with their laughter about;
Through the field, with bee-daring, barefooted I ran;
But the stubbles foreshadowed the path of the man!
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

Selected Articles.

A HIT AT DUELLING.

The following poetical epistle went the rounds of the papers pretty generally, some years ago, but as the absurd practice of Duelling is not yet quite laughed out of fashion, we think it well to revive it. The occasion upon which it was written was as follows:

At a meeting under a Commission of Bankruptcy, at Andover, England, in July, 1820, between Mr. Fleet and Mr. Mann, Solicitors of that place, some disagreement arose, which ended in a challenge from Mr. Fleet. Mr. Mann returned the following humorous answer, declining the *dishonor*;

TO KINGSTON FLEET, ESQ.

I am honored this day, Sir, with challenges two;
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept *his* "engagement," and yours must decline.

Now, in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit,
Since, encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,
There is some little chance of preserving my life,
Whilst a bullet, from you, Sir, might take it away,
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.

If, however, you still should suppose I ill-treat you,
By sternly rejecting the challenge to meet you,
Bear with me a moment and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons by way of excuse:

In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived,
I myself am in conscience the party aggrieved;
And therefore, good Sir, if a challenge must be,
Pray wait till that challenge be tendered by me.

Again, Sir, I think it by far the more sinful,
To stand and be shot, than to sit for a skinfull;
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you indeed)
That fighting composes not part of my creed;
And my courage (which though it was never disputed
Is not, I imagine, too deeply rooted)
Would prefer that its Fruit, Sir, whatever it may yield,
Should appear at "*the Table*," and not in "*the Field*."

And lastly, my *life*, be it never forgot,
Possesses a value which *yours*, Sir, does not,
So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled "a Family Man*,"
With three or four children (I scarce know how many,)
Whilst *you*, Sir, have not, or *ought* not to have any.

Besides, that the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel,
For e'en you must acknowledge it would not be meet
That one small "*Mann* of War" should engage "a whole *Fleet*."

* Mr. Fleet was a bachelor, or at all events, a single man.

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realise the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds brings back color to the pale face of the invalid, its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary and monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by-and-bye a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labor till the evening.

CHARACTER OF HAMPDEN.

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had, on a sudden, retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, while they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be: which shortly after appeared to all, when he cared less to keep on the mask.—*Clarendon.*

SIGHTS AT ALEXANDRIA.—As I sat near the window of the hotel, many strange sights passed before me: among others I saw two large ostriches walking about most majestically. One of them having been offended by a man in European dress, fell upon him, and spiritedly gave battle, until an Egyptian came and drove the bird away. I also saw from the window the process of building as carried on in Egypt. Camels are there employed in bringing stones. The workmen carry what are not unlike carpet-bags, slung across their shoulders, made of leather, and having a large round hole at the top, and a small one at one corner of the bottom, which is tied with a string. In these they bring water for the lime. Others mixed the mortar, which was taken to the builders by women, in square boxes, and which they carry upon their heads. I saw also that several men had got skins of the goat and wild boar, in which they carried water. The skin is taken off as whole as possible; the legs are tied fast, so as to prevent the water from escaping, and the water is poured in at the neck; these, with the hair on, looked like dead pigs banging from the men's shoulders.—*Lowthian's Visit to Jerusalem.*

IMPRESSIONS.—We have often read, and heard, and talked, of the impression made by a fair lady upon the heart of an admirer; but we always conceived that this was a mere figure of speech. If we may credit an old physician, however, it proves to be a literal fact. "Dr. Conyers," observes our author, "dissected a person who died for love in London; and they found an impression of a lady's face upon his heart."

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 19, 11, 10, 20, 3, is a county in Kentucky.
My 10, 4, 20, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 15, 3, 5, 15, 2, is a county in New York.
My 9, 15, 8, 13, is a river in Iowa.
My 2, 6, 18, 15, 5, is a town in Ohio.
My 13, 12, 3, is a river in France.
My 1, 15, 6, is a town in Asia.
My 16, 20, 21, 18, 9, 4, is a county in North Carolina.
My 17, 5, 6, 19, is a river in Asia.
My 7, 9, 11, 6, is a town in Indiana.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American General.
J. E. GILLESPIE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first receives but little praise
Among the sons of earth,
Although its species once saved Rome
From slavery or death.
My second's been the instrument,
To spread the noblest thought
That ever sprung from author's brain,
Or ever mind has wrought.
J. J.

PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The stars and stripes I wish to plant,
For I'm a Western emigrant,
Upon a high and lofty ledge
Rising abruptly, like a wedge,
On California's level plain,
Covered with fields of waving grain.
The flag above the rock at most
Must be three feet twelve fathoms just
Suppose a traveller quadrant in hand,
Six hundred feet from base, to stand,
From level with his eye to top of ledge
Is forty-five degrees by this true gage.
I wish to know how high, I'll have
Those glorious stars and stripes to wave,
And also from the traveller's eye
To where the banner floats on high,
To find the distance you may try.
Suppose the man as well he might,
To be just five feet six in height.
J. J.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

In a series of proportional numbers the first is 5, the third is 8, the product of the second and third is 78.4; what is the difference of the second and fourth? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What part of a cathedral is expressed by one hundred and a half of oysters?
ANS.—Cloisters (C. L. oysters.)

☞ Why is a nail like a horse?
ANS.—Because it is often driven.

☞ What is that which we often see made, but never see after it is done?
ANS.—A bow.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
"CAPTURE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF TAMPICO."
CHARADE.—RATTLESNAKE.
RIDDLE.—THE LETTER M.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.
1st—5 per cent.
2nd—30, 40, and 50 rods.

New Publications.

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

A new book with this title has recently been published in England, and judging from the extracts we have seen, the three stories composing it are most admirably told, in a sweet, simple and natural style. The first tale, *Isabel Denison*, is that of a girl who deserts her first engagement. Here is the scene in which Isabel, doubtful of the strength of the feeling which has newly risen in her heart, suffers herself to yield to the engagement which costs her afterwards so much sorrow. Herbert Grey is a young man of family whom a disappointment already experienced in love has driven into the church. He is the curate of the quiet country village in which Isabel has passed her orphanhood, and from which she has not yet peeped out into the world beyond.

At length he began. The tone of his voice told her at once what was coming; and why did her heart sink, and her pulse almost stand still within her? Did she, or did she not, love Herbert Grey?

"It is now more than three weeks since I promised that I would tell you my sad history, when you asked me for it. Has all interest died away within you? Shall you never think about it again?"

"If it is so painful," Isabel began, with hesitation—"

"It is painful," he interrupted, "painful and sad: but is this the reason for your silence?—is it not rather that you shrink from the condition I affixed?"

Isabel was silent.

"Isabel," he continued, "why don't you answer me? But it is too late now to wait for an answer—you know, you must know well, how wildly, how passionately I love you; and you must hear me speak, and then—" He paused and looked in her face. It was white as marble. "Forgive me, Miss Denison, I have been very wrong. I will tell you all calmly, if you will hear me. Will you hear me now, or shall it be for another time?"

It was really an effort to her to speak, but she did speak, and begged him to tell her all. He began again in a low but calm voice.

"I have loved, Miss Denison, before now. Do not start," he said, observing a movement which sent a thrill of pleasure through his heart, as he fancied it might be a pang of jealousy. "I thought at that time I loved as few could love, but now I find that even I knew it not."

With breathless interest Isabel listened to the tale he told—the tale of his love, of his hope, of his agony when forsaken. Breathless, agitated, she listened still, when he ended thus:—

"It was no light thing to suffer this, the disappointment of every hope; but the suffering itself was as nothing in comparison to the blight it cast upon me; the doubt in the truth of every human being under which I have now suffered for many years. Even you, Miss Denison, in whose face truth and purity are written—even you at first I doubted. But it is passed—it is all passed. In your presence, better feelings have come back to me; and never, even under disappointment, will they leave me again. And now you know all, and all my happiness is in your hands." He tried to speak calmly, and paused as again he became agitated.

Isabel was silent still. If she could have known what her silence cost him, she would have spoken at once; but she dreamed not of the powerful emotions which were stirring in his breast. Her own heart beat, indeed, but it was with doubt, with fear, with bashfulness, with excitement; she hung on his words as if happiness or misery, almost life or death, were in the balance.

He still tried to be calm, but the words burst from him, "Oh, Isabel! speak to me. Do not fear to tell me the truth. If you cannot love me, if you cannot even hope to love me, doubtless I shall find strength to bear it; only speak to me but one word!"

"I did not speak," she said, at last, in her low sweet tone, "because I could not. I did not know if my love was worthy of yours. I hardly know now. It is not like yours; it is not enough; but—I think—" The words died away, but she looked up at him and smiled, and placed her hand in his.

They reached the cottage. "May I come in?" asked Herbert.

"No, not to-night. To-morrow as early as you please."

Isabel walked into the drawing-room, where Rachel sat alone. She put her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her. "Shall you like me to leave you, Aunt Rachel?"

"Oh, Isabel! Is it so, indeed? Even I did not know what you felt for Mr. Grey."

"Nor did I know; nor do I know now; only I think I am happy—very happy."

Soon after this, however, Isabel's father (by whom her mother had been deserted before her birth,) sends to claim her; she joins him in London; and, in the larger experience of life and her own heart which awaits her there, discovers that she had not loved Herbert Grey. This discovery is exquisitely managed, so that we never lose respect or sympathy for her. It should be said that Herbert had released her from their engagement on learning her new fortune; and though she at first unwillingly consents to this, she ultimately accepts it for the space of a year. Before the year is over, she returns to her early home, and in a brief sad scene tells Herbert that her heart has been false to him. He comes back to her in the evening of that day, having subdued his first terrible emotion.

Isabel sat in the same place, in the bright twilight of that evening, awaiting Herbert's return. The hours had passed—how she knew not; she was too wretched even to think. And again he stood before her, and as he took her hand, he smiled upon her. Though he tried, however, to the uttermost, he could not efface the marks which the struggles of the day had left upon his face, and she shuddered as she saw the deadly paleness of his cheek.

"Oh, Herbert! why do you smile—why do you look so kindly at me? I should not be so miserable if you would but reproach me."

"I have nothing to reproach you with, dearest Isabel. You chose me in comparative solitude, when you had seen none but me; I knew it would be thus when you met with others more worthy of you. I would have made you happy—I must have made you happy, if—" he paused, for he feared to say anything that might wound her—"if I had been allowed to do so; but my best, my only wish is for your happiness. Selfish thoughts will intrude; but, believe me, dearest Isabel, if you are happy, I shall be happy, too."

"I cannot bear this," said Isabel, rising hastily from the place where she sat, and walking to the window. "You make me feel so utterly—utterly selfish!"

As she stood there, thoughts of yielding—of sacrificing herself—passed quickly through her mind. What sorrow in the world could be greater than that which she felt in that moment! She threw open the window wider, and gazed on the rays of lingering sunshine still streaking the sky, while the evening air blew calmly and freshly upon her face; and, as she gazed, a sunshine on the sea, and a breeze from the ocean, came into her mind, and Clarence—Clarence—

She walked back to the sofa. "Oh! Herbert!" she said, as she sat down again, with an expression of hopeless sorrow, "you do not know how miserable I am."

He had not moved—he almost started now. "If it is about me, Isabel, be miserable no more. If it is about another—will you not tell me all, dearest? I would assist you, or I would comfort you. Will you tell me who is so happy?" he asked, in a voice which trembled in spite of himself.

"No matter who; he is not happy—he is gone far, far away."

"Gone!" and a flash of hope, sharp and agonizing as despair, so wild, so short its gleam, shot through his breast.

"You did not think I had forsaken you, and was going to marry another, Herbert? No, whatever I may be, not so false, not so heartless as that. No," she continued, rising again, and standing before him; "I do not acknowledge myself to be free—bound to you, Herbert, by every tie of honor and gratitude; and yet it is to you yourself that I come to confess my love for another, and to ask you to forgive and to release me. Hear me, Herbert, hear me," she continued, "I love him, even as I think you love me. I am in your hands—I will do whatever you command me." As she spoke, as if by an impulse she could not resist, with her arms crossed and her head sunk, she knelt at his feet.

For a moment he did not attempt to answer her—he did not raise her from the ground; for a moment he pressed his hand to his throbbing brow to still the tumult of his thoughts; for, in that hour of faithlessness, and even with the confession of it upon her lips, he felt that she was dearer, far dearer than ever. Then, in the dead silence of the room, sweet and clear his answer came, and, as it rose above her head, it sounded to her ears as the voice of an angel.

"I thank you, Isabel, I thank you for your confidence, your openness, your truth; the world can never be dark to me while such as you inhabit it. You are free, if indeed you wait my words to release you, and may God give you happiness! You have my forgiveness, dearest, though you need it not, for I have nothing to forgive; and, while life endures," he continued, in a voice still clear, though it began to tremble, "you shall have my prayers and blessing. Take it," he said, and, rising, and gently laying his hand upon her bended head, he spoke the words of peace and blessing, which, before now, have stilled many a tried and broken heart.

As he concluded, he turned to go abruptly, for he felt as if a parting he could not endure. But Isabel stopped him in the doorway.

"I will not detain you, Herbert," she said, gently and humbly, "only I would tell you—I must tell you—how I thank you and bless you." As she spoke, she took his burning hand in her cold grasp. He cast upon her one last long look, and was gone. As the door closed, and the excitement passed, Isabel fell lifeless on the ground.

Isabel marries the man she loves, and at his own request the service is read by Herbert Grey.

Once only, the voice of Herbert had faltered—It was when he guided the lips of Clarence to take her "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death should them part." Perhaps the time had been when, in his lonely wanderings, his own heart had addressed her in those beautiful and touching words.

The service was over. They returned to the vestry, and the names were signed. Herbert and Isabel stood side by side, but no word was spoken between them. From the great crowd without, there was a delay in the appearance of the carriage. Mr. Denison forced his daughter to sit down, but placed her near the door, that she might be ready.

Her husband approached her. "The carriage is come: will you go now, Isabel?" For a moment his eye wandered to the figure of Herbert, who still stood motionless where the signatures had been made. He longed to speak one word of kindness a happy rival dares not show, and he turned again to Isabel.

She got up; then, with a hurried step, went to Herbert's side.

"Herbert," she said, in a voice so low, that it reached none but him, and she raised her imploring eyes to his face.

Once more he controlled, with a violent effort, the emotion that was beating so fearfully in his heart. He took her hand in both of his, and, as his lips murmured a blessing, he smiled—and it was the memory of that calm, sweet, angel smile, that went with her, a blessing upon her way.

Agricultural.

SPARE THE SPIDER.

I like the spirit of the article which appeared in the June Cultivator, inculcating kindness and attention to birds and toads for their usefulness in the garden. I desire to say a word in behalf of another useful friend of man, but whose friendship is met with almost unrivalled enmity and ingratitude. I mean the *Spider*. I do verily believe that, without his ceaseless vigilance, his untiring alertness, his wary cunning, his sagacious ingenuity, his fierce daring, and his voracious destructiveness, *it would be impossible for man to get enough out of the earth to save himself from starving!* Look at your garden and your fields, and see the endless variety of them, and their countless numbers, constantly in pursuit of prey, which they devour with unappeasable voracity, and say where would be the end of the ravages of pernicious insects, if it were not for their relentless war upon them. And yet, there is not one man in five hundred, on finding one of them in his way, who, instead of touching his hat to him and giving him the walk, will not waste strength enough to knock down a steer in smashing him out of existence. They are sacred in *my* household, spiders are. If they accept the invitation of open windows, and walk into the parlor, and set up shop to the blemishment of good housewifery, they are considerately taken upon a broom and waited upon to the door, with thanks for their good intentions, and regrets that their services were not wanted in that department, and a friendly suggestion at parting that they can do a better business elsewhere. But they are tolerated in the kitchen in a sly way on account of the love they have for the society of that enticing little creature, the house-fly. I teach my children to destroy, ruthlessly, almost every other creeping or winged insect, but to *spare the spiders*.

There is the large, round bodied spider, who suspends his circular *net* vertically in every angle about the house and outhouses—a lazy old fellow to look at, but woe to the flutterer that touches his toils. The house fly is the special object of his regard, and hence he is seldom found far from dwellings. There are many varieties, large and small, which adopt his mode of entrapment. Splendid specimens, in size and variety of decoration, abound in the woods and meadows, whose nets are almost tenacious enough to hold a bird. The largest kind of bugs and grasshoppers fall an easy prey to these.

Then there is the *garden spider*,—so called, I suppose, because he is found indiscriminately and abundantly around every dwelling, and barn, and wood, and field—with long, slender legs and body, the latter faintly striped with buff down the sides. He spreads a compact sheet, horizontally, with a well formed tubular avenue leading to his dungeon, at the entrance of which he grimly awaits the approach of some thoughtless wayfarer, who is dragged into it with inconceivable rapidity the instant he alights upon the tempting surface. He is not particular in his diet.

One of the most interesting of the race, is the small *transversely-striped spider*, very properly, from his appearance and mode of seizing his prey, called the *tiger spider*. You have seen him on the sunny side of a building before now, on the alert for insects which resort there for warmth and pastime. Here is one now, a fly has just settled within a few inches of him. You scarce saw the instantaneous motion with which his head was presented to his game as it alighted. Mark the oily, sidelong movement with which he gains a place above him, and now see the cautious, stealthy, almost imperceptible motion with which he advances—nearer, nearer—there! a leap of eight times his length, and he has him! Was ever any thing more tiger-like?

But there is another chap who most excites my admiration. He is a small brown fellow with a light body and long legs; and he has a peculiarly pert way of standing on the very ends of his toes, bearing his body high up. He is the true sportsman of his race. He scorns the adroit stealthiness of the last, and holds all devices for entrapping his game in infinite disdain. He takes his position on a standing board, or in the garden walk, when the sunshine falls thick upon it, and as the creature of elegant leisure drops down to enjoy a moment of luxurious repose, he darts upon him with the celerity of lightning, and with an assurance of success, that seems utterly unconscious of the possibility of failure,—it scarce mattering what degree of space intervenes. I have rescued his victim almost on the instant of his seizure, but he was stone dead. Venom as virulent as the scorpion's, had pervaded his system.

There is also a spider of magnificent proportions, robed throughout in richest black or dark brown velvet. He roams everywhere. I have seen him in the woods, bearing of a centipede twice his own size, with the royal air and ease of a lion conveying a stag to his quarters. He is fierce, fearless and indomitable, and is said to hold equal combat with the toad.

My attention was once arrested by a small, compact, irregular mass of dirt, moving off upon the door with mysterious alacrity and regularity. On examination, I found it to be a small spider, whose body had a peculiar glutinous secretion, to which particles of dirt and sand adhered—thus effectually concealing his personal attraction. I have never but once since met with this curiosity. Doubtless many a young cat among insects has rued the day that he mistook "that white heap yonder" for something as harmless as "meal."

All these, and an infinite variety of others of this active and intelligent race, are constantly laboring for the welfare of man. Again I say, then, SPARE THE SPIDER. J. C. H.

Albany Cultivator.

BOILING DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

In addition to the demand for colonial consumption, and for salting, a new market for the surplus stock has been found within the last few years, by the discovery of the process of "boiling down," or converting the whole carcass into tallow. He who first put this plan into operation deserved the thanks of all the colonists; for had not this method, or some equivalent to it, been invented, cattle and sheep must soon have become almost unsaleable, as the supply had so greatly exceeded the demand, whereas now, though the colonial market should be overstocked, the animal, whether sheep or ox, is at least worth its hide and tallow for exportation. "Boiling down" is a very simple and rapid process. The whole carcass, having been cut to pieces, and thrown into large cast iron pans, each capable of containing several bullocks, is boiled to rags, during which operation the fat is skimmed off, until no more rises to the surface. The boiled meat is then taken out of the pans, and after having been squeezed in a wooden press, which forces out the remaining particles of tallow, it is either thrown away or used as food for pigs, vast numbers of which are sometimes kept in this manner in the neighborhood of a boiling establishment. The proprietor of these places will either boil down the settler's sheep and cattle at so much per head, or purchase them wholly from him in the first instance, and convert them into tallow at their own risk. The value of an animal for this purpose depends, of course, entirely on his condition, and usually varies from 30s. to £3 10s.—*Bush Life in Australia.*

CRANBERRIES.—A subscriber in Burlington inquires of us if there is any method of making cranberry vines grow thicker over the surface where there is now a small sprinkling of them?

Vines may be transplanted without any difficulty. A sharp spade may be used to cut up sods six inches square; and these need only be set on the surface of a meadow and pressed down by the foot. Cranberries may be propagated by the seed also. In such case seed ought to be strewn over the meadow to partially bury the seed.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

RECLAIMING WET LANDS.

There are but few farms which do not embrace more or less soil which falls legitimately under this denomination. Low, sunken tracts, of from one to ten acres or more, are to be found on almost every farm, and are usually neglected and suffered to be overrun with alders, willows and other species of worthless growth, or covered with stagnant water. In very many, perhaps in a great majority of cases, such soils admit of easy and permanent improvement, and it is a source of no small gratification to find that the attention of our agricultural friends is being directed to this end, and that the good work has, in many sections, been commenced with a zeal and energy which promises well for its success. In speaking upon this topic, the editor of one of our agricultural journals not long since remarked as follows:—

"Those lands that were considered almost worthless when the country was first settled, and even continued to be so regarded until within a short time, are now found to be the best grass lands in the country, as they have, in many cases, a great depth of rich vegetable mould that will, when properly drained or improved, yield abundant crops, and is not liable to fail from drought; such lands usually produce best in those seasons in which high grounds fail.

"We have," continues the same writer, "within a few years, seen stout herds-grass and red-top, yielding from two to three tons to the acre, in a *dry season*, on wet lands, while the high lands, on the same farm did not in general, produce one-third so much. Twelve or fifteen years ago, these 'swamps,' as they were called, were valued only for the timber on them, and the meandering streams that produced a few trout."

Many farmers who possess extensive tracts of low, rich bog lands, entirely neglect them, and as their means increase, add to the dimensions of their homesteads by frequent purchases of arable soil, instead of investing their money in the improvement of these affluent grounds which, in their primitive and unameliorated state, are of no practical value, and, so far as neatness of appearance and actual income are involved, are less a benefit than an injury to the farm. The improvement of "bog lands," generally speaking, is easily effected. It requires no great scientific or artistic skill to drain even the most humid, and as there are seasons when the other operations of the farm do not require continued attention, the periods of comparative leisure thus afforded, may be profitably occupied in ditching and otherwise preparing them for the production of some useful and valuable crop. The heaviest growth of roots we remember ever to have seen produced, was grown on a piece of "bog soil" which had been systematically drained, and stimulated by an application of house ashes, after having been subjected to the amelioration of the plough. The ensuing season, the ground was again ploughed to the depth of ten inches, thoroughly harrowed and sowed in oats.—The crop was one of unusual richness, and the grass—timothy and clover, which followed, was estimated, by competent judges, to exceed two-and a half tons to the acre. We hope that those of our readers who are so fortunate as to possess lands of this description, will immediately commence improving them. They may rest confidently assured that in no way can they more profitably invest their floating capital, as the soil thus reclaimed will continue to pay, annually, a heavy dividend, to say nothing of the increased value of the farm in consequence of the "betterment," both as regards its appearance and productive powers. "A word to the wise," &c.—*Maine Cultivator.*

HOW TO MEASURE THE QUANTITY OF CORN PER ACRE.

Go into the best part of the field and pluck the ears from ten successive hills in one row. Measure the shelled corn accurately, and you will find how much you have from one hill. In this way you can judge pretty well what a whole acre may produce; for as we usually plant corn in New England we make *four thousand* hills in one acre. This supposes the hills to be just one pace apart.

Three pretty good ears will make one pint of shelled corn—and you will not find a great majority of the fields with more than a pint to a hill. Four thousand pints amount to sixty-two and a half bushels. But the corn will shrink so much before January, that it may be necessary to deduct one fourth from its present measure. This leaves but about forty-five bushels of merchantable corn for the acre. How easy it is for any one to measure for himself instead of relying on the wild estimates and pretended estimates that we often read of.

One quart of shelled corn is often produced by a single hill. If a whole acre would produce as well, 125 bushels would be the product, measured in October. Try and see if you find ten hills in succession with a quart in each. We have not seen many fields that would come up to it.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

COMMON HEMLOCK FOR HEDGES.

A writer in the Genesee Farmer, over the signature of A. I. Langelier, recommends the common hemlock of our woods (Abies canadensis) as excellent for hedges. He says at the Toronto Nursery, in Canada West, there is a hedge one hundred and fifty feet long, five feet high, three feet thick at the base, tapering gradually at the summit. And the editor of that paper endorses the recommendation, stating that where great strength is not required, but an evergreen hedge for ornament and shelter as well as fence, it is an admirable thing for the business.

Nothing can be easier raised in Maine than the hemlock, and we have always considered it one of the handsomest evergreens that we have when it is young. After it has grown up into a large forest tree, it loses its freshness and graceful elasticity when moved by the breeze, and dead limbs are often putting out their unsightly and crooked forms to mar its beauty. For an ornamental screen it would be excellent, and by being kept down in the hedge form, it could be kept fresh and flourishing. By planting the seeds late in the fall or early in spring, an abundance of plants could be easily obtained.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Olio.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

A SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THE CLOCK MAKER.—The New York Star relates the following incident in the life of Mr. Willard, the Massachusetts clock maker, whose death we have recently recorded:

Many years ago Mr. Willard paid a visit to Thomas Jefferson, with whom he was intimately acquainted. Mr. J. talked freely with him about the effect of Jay's treaty; Willard could give no opinion on any of its provisions, and Mr. Jefferson insinuated that he knew but little of public affairs. In the course of conversation he begged Mr. W. to examine a beautiful French clock, and see what was the matter with it. Mr. Willard took out his plyers and took it to pieces, laying the wheels, main springs, and all the works on the table; after some further conversation he rose to depart; "Don't go, Willard," said Mr. J., "until you put the works of the clock together." "You can do it." "I! not I," said Mr. Jefferson. "Why, you expected that I should be familiar with treaties," said Mr. Willard, "when you can't put the wheels of a clock together."

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.—To the daughter we should say that no favorite can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless daughters receive addresses against the wish of their parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of their earthly happiness. He who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself, in that very deed, unworthy of your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realise what you have lost. You will find you have exchanged a sympathizing friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of the undutiful daughter.

FABLE.—The Sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had been long out of use.—The rust was soon rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go: they were of blood. It was on the table near the pen of his Secretary.—The Pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off.

"Thou art right," said the Sword; "I am a bad neighbor."

"I fear thee not," replied the Pen, "I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the Sword.

"And I perpetuate," answered the Pen; "where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion."—*From an Ancient Jewish Apologue.*

☞ He that never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes.